# THE DICKENSIAN

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# THE DICKENSIAN

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EDITED BY WALTER DEXTER

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# INDEX


Agate, James, 110, 196.
Anderson, W. R., letters from, 88, 213
Arnold, Tom, 110.
Art, 9
Auction Room, in the, 71
Auto Plagiarism, 9

Bax, Clifford, 57
Bibliography, 36, 47, 76, 83, 143, 146, 192
*Bleak House* and "Macbeth," 188
— As Book of the Year, 215
— Appreciations of, 121, 207
— Notes on, 39, 65, 133
— Phiz's Illustrations to, 146, 192
— Quotations from, 162
Blores, Mrs., Son of, 159
"Boffins," 111
Bolo, Miss, 160
Book of the Year, 215
Boothman, Geo. H., *contribution by*, 184
Bradby, M. K., *contributions by*, 38, 142
Brain, Dr. W. Russell, *article by, noticed*, 132
Braybrooke, Patrick, *contribution by*, 176
Broadcasts, 112
Brodribb, C. W., *letter from*, 51
Bromhill, Kentley, *articles by*, 47, 83, 146, 192
Browdie, John, Relationships of, 1
Brown, Nannie, 104
Browne, Hablôt, *see* "Phiz"
Brumleigh, T. Kent, *article by*, 9
Burgin, G. B., Death of, 166
Burrage, Pilot Officer A. Harcourt, *contribution by*, 184
By Other Names, 126; 197

C. D. Button, 110
Character Make-up, Face, 150
— Hair, 87
Characters, 35
Characters in Waiting, 126
Chartier, Mgr. Emile, 121, 207
*Christmas Carol, A*, after Edgar Allan Poe, 14
— Centenary of, 55
— in Toy Theatre, 88, 213
Circumlocution, 57
Cole, L. D., 141
Competitions, 35, 63, 108, 110, 117, 126, 197
Corney, Mary, 184
Cotterell, T. Sturge, *contribution by*, 183
Creasey, John, *book by, noticed*, 101
Croat's Tribute, A, 51
Cross, Austin, 160

Dartlets from Rosa, 23
Darwin, Bernard, *contribution by*, 172
*David Copperfield*, Broadcast of, 112
— Characters in, 60
— Into the Shadowy World, 15
— Notes to, 11, 80
— Phiz's Illustrations to, 47, 83
— Quotations from, 1, 72, 161
Dean, F. R., *contribution by*, 181
Dexter, Walter, *articles by*, 25, 97, 118, 127, 186
— Death of, 109
— In Memoriam, 165, 166, 168-184
— Memorial Fund, 185
— Obituary, B.B.C., 183
— Works of, 171
Dick, Mr., Sayings of, 161
Dickens as General Knowledge, 110
Dickens Charles, and Shakespeare, 188
— Anniversary of death of (74th), 166
— Criticisms, Appreciations of, 61, 73, 96, 125, 141
— is recalled to life, 19
— Neuro-Psychiatrist, 132
— Popularity of, 81
— Portrait of, 215
— Quotation from, 1, 2
— Readings, 109
— Sale of Letters to Frank Stone, 112
Dickens Family, The, 1
Dickens Fellowship, Balance Sheet, etc., 106, 107
— Birthday Luncheon, 2, 59, 78
— Book of the Year, 215
— Branches of:
Balham, 212
Bath, 52, 183
Blackpool, 214
Boston, 166
Chicago, 19
Edinburgh, 104, 125
Liverpool, 101, 184, 214
Los Angeles, 214
Madison, 161
Manchester, 181, 184
Melbourne, 81, 104
Montreal, 44, 160
Nottingham, 52, 182
Philadelphia, 161
Pittsburgh, 184
Preston, 96, 166, 214

Dickens Fellowship, The—
— Branches of:—
Rochester, 18, 166
Rugby, 141
St. Pancras, 161
Tewkesbury, 112
Toronto, 167
Vancouver, 59, 88, 120, 161
Wellington, 125
Winnipeg, 143, 161, 184, 214
— Conference, 211
— History of, 25, 97, 109, 127
— In Retrospect, 25, 97, 109, 127
Dickens, Henry Charles, 2, 172
Dickens House, The, Balance Sheet, etc., 105
— Gift from All Union Lenin Library of Moscow, 167
Dickens in Films, 112
Dickens in Russia, 82, 112, 167
Dickens, Monica, 57
Dickens, Lt. Peter, R.N., 1
Dickens Novels as School Text Books, 160
Dickens's Prophecies, 79
Dickensiana, 102, 161, 214
Dorrit, Fanny, Dancing Instructor of, 46
"Drink, In the," 110
Drood Time in Cloisterham, 113
Droodiana, 1
Drum, The, 159
Drysdale, David, *letter from*, 184

Easthaugh, Kenneth, 96
Editions of Dickens, 186
Edwards, A. W., *contribution by*, 180
Ellis, Arthur T., *contribution by*, 184
Enduring Spirit, The, 73
Experiment, A Great, 142

Face, The, as Character Make-up, 150
Fairman, Mrs. F. W., *contribution by*, 184
Fantasies, 19, 71, 88, 212
Fascination of the Sea, 89, 151, 213
Fawkes, Guy, in Dickens, 103
Fifty Double Questions, 35, 108
Fireworks, 103
First Editions, 112
Freeman, R. Austin, death of, 1

Gad's Hill Place, 162
Garley, Granville, *articles by*, 45, 64, 103, 159
Genoa, The Puppets at, 64
Green, C. H., *contribution by*, 179
Greenwich Taverns, 51
Guy Fawkes in Dickens, 103
Guying the Victorians, 59

Hair, as Character Make-up, 87
Hersey, Frank W. C., *contribution by*, 178
Hill, T. W., 111, 167
— *Contributions by*, 11, 39, 65, 80, 113, 133, 168, 198
Hood, Thomas, 56
Howay, His Honor Judge F. W., *Obituary*, 88, 120
Hutchinson, Walter, *book by, noticed*, 101

Illustrators, *see* Payne, Edward F.; "Phiz."; Stone, Marcus
In the Auction Room, 71
"Into the Shadowy World," 15

King, Christian George, 45

Lascelles, T. S., *contribution by*, 51
Law, 57
Leacock on Dickens, 205
Leacock, Stephen, 205
Letters of Dickens to Stone, Frank, 112
Letters to the Editor, 51, 88, 213
Ley, J. W. T., Obituary of, 2
Lewis, D. B. Wyndham, *quoted*, 1
*Little Dorrit*, Bibliography, 143
London, 212

Macbeth and *Bleak House*, 188
Mackenzie, Compton, O.B.E., LL.D., *contribution by*, 185
Major, Gwen, *article by*, 15; *letter from*, 213
Manuscripts, 59, 167
Martin-Harvey, Sir John, *Obituary of*, 196
Mason, Glanville, 162
Mason, J. C., *contribution by*, 184
Mason, Leo, *contributions by*, 3, 180
McNulty, J. H., *contributions by*, 14, 73, 188, 205
Message of Dickens, The, 3
Miller, William, 109, 178
Motto from Dickens, 111
Mrs. Leo Hunter's Ode, 109
Murray, Glanvill, *letter from*, 88
Music, 110
"Mystery of Angelina Frood," The, 1
*Mystery of Edwin Drood, The*, Chronology of, 113
— Characters in Waiting, 126
— Manuscript of, 59
— Notes on, 198
— Quotations from, 23

*Nicholas Nickleby*, Bibliography, 36
— Reading Book, 8
Nicknames, 111
Notes on Dickens Novels, 167

Obituary, 2, 88, 109, 214
*Old Curiosity Shop, The*, Bibliography of, 78
On the Battlefield, 167
*Our Mutual Friend*, Bibliography, 76
— Quotations from, 2

Patients, 132
Payne, Edward F, Drawings by, 51, 88, 213
Penny Readings, 109
Pfrommer, Howard G., *article by*, 19
Phiz's Illustrations to *David Copperfield*, 47, 83
— *Bleak House*, 146, 192
*Pickwick Papers, The*, Dramatization, 112
— P. C. Button, 110
— Remuneration for, 118
— Topography, 167
Plagiarism, 109
Poe, Edgar Allan, Plagiarism of, 14
Pomfret Arms, Towcester, 167
Pope-Hennessy, Dame Una, D.B.E., *contribution by*, 175
Popularity, 81, 82, 101, 110, 111, 112, 166
Portrait of Dickens, 215
Priestley, J. B., *broadcast by*, 61
Printers Pension Society, 101
Prophecies, Dickens's, 79

Quills from a Porkypine, 72
Questions, Fifty Double, 35, 108
Quotations, 23, 24, 38, 44, 72

Railway Signals, 51
Relationships in Dickens, 1
Richard's Babblings, 161
Rigg, Ronald E., *articles by*, 89, 151
Robinson, Noel, *contribution by*, 120
Russian Editions of Dickens's Works, 82, 167

Sabbath, The, 58
Sands, J. Cooper, *contribution by*, 182
Schaaf, A. E., *contribution by*, 184
Schools, Dickens works in, 160
Sea, The, 89, 110, 151, 213
Shakespeare and Dickens, 188
Should Dickens be read in Schools, 160
Shuckburgh, Richard C. D., 1
Skimpole, Harold, Philosophy of, 162
Slang, 110
Slaughter, Lieutenant, 45
Small Fry Folk, 45, 64, 159
Smith, A. Croxton, *quoted*, 1
Social Reform, 3, 58, 142, 195
Some Dickens Patients, 132
Southwood, Lord, 60
S.S. "Empire Copperfield," 58
S.S. "Empire Pickwick," 58, 111
Staff, Frank, J., *contribution by*, 176
Staples, Leslie C., Appointment as Hon. Editor of *The Dickensian*, 211
— *Contributions by*, 161, 165-167, 196, 211
Stone, Frank, Sale of Dickens's letters to, 112
Stone, Marcus, 77
Story, Chester B., *contribution by*, 184
Strange Gentleman, The, Sale of first edition of, 112
Straus, Ralph, *contribution by*, 174
Strong, L. A. G., 57
Sunday Under Three Heads, 58
Suzannet, Count de, *contributions by*, 8, 184

*Tale of Two Cities, A*, Dramatisation of, 110
— Music to, 110
Thompson, Denis, 110
Tito, Marshal, 101
Topography, 39, 41, 42, 51, 54, 133, 136, 137, 140, 167, 185, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202
Toy Theatre, Performance of *A Christmas Carol*, 88, 213
Tylee, Florence, *article by*, 71

Wade, H. G., *contribution by*, 184
Wagenknecht, Edward, *book by, noticed*, 35
Watt, John Y., 59
We should like to know more about these, 60
What they said, 24
Where Found, 38, 44, 63, 117
Whimsies: *see* Fantasies
Whittle, Frank, 101
Williams, Eransby, *contribution by*, 174
Williams, Philip Claxton, *article by*, 79
Wisk, Miss, 64

Younger, G. W., *letter from*, 51

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Barnaby Rudge and Grip in Newgate, from a pencil drawing by Phiz *Frontispiece*

PAGE

Title Page to *Nicholas Nickleby* issued in original monthly parts or first edition ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 36
Phiz's design for the green covers of monthly parts of *Nicholas Nickleby* 37
Drawing by Ed. F. Payne ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 51
Some Copperfield Scenes—*photos* by T. W. Tyrrell ... ... ... 54
Title Page to *Our Mutual Friend*, issued in original monthly parts ... 76
Marcus Stone's design for the green covers of monthly parts of *Our Mutual Friend* ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 77
Title Page to First Edition of *Old Curiosity Shop* ... ... ... 78
Drawing by Ed. F. Payne ... ... ... ... ... ... 88
Sketch Map of Development of London and S.E. Railways by T. S. Hill 115
Facsimile of Dickens's Receipt dated 18th November, 1837, for balance of consideration money for the licence to print and publish and for the purchase of two-thirds of the copyright of *The Pickwick Papers* 119
Frontispiece to *Little Dorrit*, issued in original monthly parts ... ... 144
Title Page to *Little Dorrit*, issued in original monthly parts ... ... 144
Phiz's design for the green covers of monthly parts of *Little Dorrit* ... 145
Walter Dexter—*photograph* by Elliot & Fry ... ... ... ... 164
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dexter ... ... ... ... ... 173
Walter Dexter as Captain Cuttle ... ... ... ... ... ... 177
The Dickens House ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 185
Rockingham Castle, Northamptonshire, the Chesney Wold of *Bleak House* ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 191
Sir John Martin-Harvey as Sydney Carton ... ... ... ... 196
Drawing by Ed. F. Payne ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 213

# THE DICKENSIAN

WINTER NUMBER

VOL. XL 1st DECEMBER, 1943 No. 269

## WHEN FOUND—

**Peccavi.** In the Answers to the "Relationships" queries on page 204, I allowed the statement to pass that John Browdie was son-in-law to Mrs. Squeers; it was, of course, to Mrs. Price that he held this relationship. The result of this sad blunder on the part of my contributor—duly admonished and perfectly contrite—has meant for me many hours of writing in acknowledgement of the kind letters received pointing out the mistake. My staff of learned proof-readers have been warned to be wary lest any similar mistake escape their eagle eyes in the future. But, to paraphrase a proverb for which the dictionaries give the credit to Dickens, mistakes will occur even in the best edited magazines.

* * * * *

**Fourth Generation.** Readers will join with me in congratulating Lieutenant Richard C. D. Shuckburgh, great-grandson of Dickens and a member of the Executive Committee of the Fellowship, on being awarded the Military Cross "in recognition of gallant and distinguished service in North Africa." His cousin, Lieutenant Peter Dickens, R.N., has lately been awarded the D.S.O. in addition to the D.S.C. already reported in these pages.

* * * * *

**Angelina Frood.** The death of R. Austin Freeman, creator of Dr. Thorndyke, recalls that in 1924 he wrote a book entitled "The Mystery of Angelina Frood," the scene of which was Rochester. Angelina disappears, and later a disintegrated human skeleton in a layer of quicklime is found in an old wall of the city. The famous Doctor gets to work; he is certain the skeleton is not that of Angelina, asserting that quicklime does not possess the corrosive quality attributed to it; on the contrary, he states, it is a preservative! In the end it is found that Angelina is not dead; she has been masquerading as a man, and, labouring under a false impression, had put the skeleton (which she had purchased) in the quicklime. How far Dr. Thorndyke was right in his theory on quicklime I do not know, but the book is well worth more attention from the Droodist than it appears to have received so far.

* * * * *

**A Double Event.** Here is surely the most remarkable coincidence in the journalists' gentle art of Dickens quotation. Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis in "Standing By" in the "Tatler," September 29th last, makes a quotation to point the fact that "war has always been to the Boche what something or other (dogs and horses ?) was to the gentleman in *David Copperfield*—wittles and drink, board and lodging, wife and children and terbacker." In "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" dated two days later, Mr. A. Croxton Smith, in his article "Dogs of To-day," begins with the full quotation.

* * * * *

**Fitting the Cap.** A writer in the "New York Times" refers to a story told by Mr. Winston Churchill during his recent visit; it was to the effect that a boy was saved from drowning, and his mother bitterly complained that the rescuer had not saved the

boy's hat. By a coincidence it appears that Mr. Roosevelt made use of the same story a few years ago, but in that case it concerned an elderly gentleman and a silk hat. The writer goes on to say that both Roosevelt and Churchill had undoubtedly remembered the story of the rescue of Rogue Riderhood (*Our Mutual Friend*, Bk. 3, Ch. 3) when he asked in his surly manner, " Where's my fur cap ? "

* * * * *

Mr. Henry Charles Dickens will preside at the Birthday Luncheon on Saturday, February 5th. Early application for tickets is requested; please see notice on inside front cover.

W. D.

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## J. W. T. LEY

As briefly announced in our last number, Mr. J. W. T. Ley died at Newport on August 24th last at the age of 64 after a short illness. He was editorial representative at Newport of the " Western Mail." In his profession of journalist he was held in high regard. Crowning his thirty years work for the National Union of Journalists, he was elected their President in 1939. He particularly devoted his attention to the education of the young journalist, planning their educational courses on a more extensive basis than ever before, and many Union members have reason to be grateful for his activities.

In 1902, while on the staff of the " Bristol Mercury," he established the Bristol and Clifton Dickens Society a few months before the Dickens Fellowship held its inaugural meeting. He became one of our earliest members, and through E. P. Haslam, at whose invitation he came to London in 1904 to act as assistant editor of " The Easy Chair," a new penny weekly of semi-literary character, he very soon became editor, but the periodical had a very short life, and Ley remained in London as a free-lance journalist. He was elected to the Council of the Dickens Fellowship in 1904, and joined the Committee engaged in promoting *The Dickensian*, first published in the following January. He was appointed Hon. Secretary of the Fellowship in October, 1904, and held this position until he returned to Bristol in 1909.

It is not, however, as an official of the Fellowship that Ley will be best remembered (although he held office during what may well be termed the testing time of the society, as we shall point out fully in a later article in the series beginning in this number), but as an authority on the life of Dickens. His first important work on the subject, *The Dickens Circle*, was published in 1918, and later writers have ungrudgingly acknowledged their great indebtedness to this most valuable storehouse of accurate information. In 1928 he published a monumental work for which there had been a long felt want, his annotated edition of Forster's *Life of Dickens*. In reviewing this book on publication we remarked that Mr. Ley was the one man for the truly colossal task of collating information accumulated in the fifty years since Forster wrote his book, and that he brought to it a life-long interest in Dickens, a ripened judgment, and a well-balanced critical faculty of the highest order. Since then much other material has come to light, especially concerning the early life of the novelist, but this does not detract from the value of Ley's annotated Forster, which must always be indispensable to the student.

In 1936—the Pickwick Centenary year—Ley collaborated with the editor of *The Dickensian* in a special volume, " The Origin of Pickwick," his particular part in the book being the association of R. W. Buss with the classic story, and a strong refutation of the oft-repeated aspersion that Buss was no artist, and in consequence had been dismissed from the office of illustrator-in-chief of *The Pickwick Papers*.

Mr. Ley was a regular contributor to this magazine; every one of the thirty-nine volumes contains some useful contribution from him to add to our knowledge and appreciation of Dickens. His pen was ever at our disposal, no matter on what phase of the novelist's life and work. The index to each early volume was also his work until restrictions in 1940 compelled us to discontinue for a time this most useful yearly supplement.

His profound and accurate knowledge of his subject (which was his hobby) combined with an easy style of writing, made him an invaluable member of our " staff of learned clerks."

# THE MESSAGE OF DICKENS

## A WORD IN SEASON

By LEO MASON

MANY grave weaknesses in our social fabric have been most forcibly brought to light by the rigours and upheavals of total war. During the Battle of Britain and when night after night the enemy's bombs rained down on our towns and cities, one half of the nation was abruptly confronted with the stark and shocking conditions under which the other half had existed; it was as though the enemy had opened up an old and much neglected sewer which being so violently disturbed gave off an obnoxious and germ-laden vapour which spread itself throughout the land. The nation was angered and ashamed that such a cesspool had been tolerated for so long in its midst, and the cry was raised that out of the World War there must arise a very much better and greatly improved scheme of things. To-day the cry has become a concrete thing—a solemn pledge—the avowed end for which we wage war, until complete victory shall be won. Political party, Trades Union council, Church Assembly, Municipal body and private organisation are unanimous in their verdict that good houses, excellent sanitary conditions, the widest educational facilities, a living wage, and the right to labour and relaxation in a scheme of things founded on a true Christian basis shall be the inherent right of every individual in the land.

It is but natural at the mention of these things that our minds should revert to Dickens, who in the company of other men and women, but nevertheless in a manner exclusively his own, demanded these self-same things more than a hundred years ago.

In 1842, Dickens, through his *American Notes*, raised a storm of abuse amongst the Americans by criticising the social fabric of their country. In view of this we think it of interest for our present purpose to recall an American's comments on England at about the same period. Ralph Waldo Emerson (who was introduced to Dickens at a little gathering in Forster's rooms in 1848), in his "English Traits," has many criticisms and opinions to offer on the England of his day. "There is no country," says Emerson, "in which so absolute a homage is paid to wealth as England. In America there is a touch of shame when a man exhibits the evidences of large property. But the Englishman has pure pride in his wealth and esteems it a final testimonial. An Englishman who has lost his fortune is said to have died of a broken heart, and the last term of insult is to call a man a beggar for, as Sydney Smith observed, 'Poverty is infamous in England, the want of fortune is a crime which I can never get over.'"

"Solvency," continues Emerson, "is in the ideas and mechanism of an Englishman, nothing is considered honest unless it pays; no matter how much convenience beauty or eclat it possesses it must be self-supporting." He then proceeds to comment on the evils attendant on the Industrial Revolution brought about by the advent of steam power, which, condemning the masses to incessant repetition of the same handwork, dwarfs the man and robs him of his strength, wit and versatility. "But," says he, "harder still it has proved to resist and rule the dragon Money; it is rare to find an honest merchant who knows why a crisis occurs in trade, why prices rise or fall, or who knows the mischief of paper money. In the culmination of England's national prosperity, in the building of ships, depots, towns; in the influx of tons of gold and silver; amid the chuckle of chancellors and financiers, bread rises to famine prices and the dreadful barometer of the poor rates touches the point of ruin." Admittedly some attempts were made to repair the wrongs of the period. "But," says Emerson, "the

antidotes are frightfully inadequate, and the evil requires a deeper cure. At present England does not rule her wealth, her prosperity. The splendour which so much manhood and talent and perseverance has thrown upon vulgar aims is the very argument of materialism. Who can propose to youth poverty and wisdom when mean gain has arrived at the conquest of letters and arts; when English success has grown out of the very renunciation of principles and the dedication to outsides? A civility of trifles, of money and expense, an erudition of sensation takes place and the putting as many impediments as we can between the man and his objects. Hence it has come that not the aims of a manly life, but the means of meeting a certain ponderous expense is that which is to be considered by a youth in England emerging from his minority."

Such, then, are a few considered remarks on England as made by an American about the year 1850. They are not very flattering ones, nevertheless if one consults the more prosaic histories of the time one cannot but agree that they contain much that is true, not only of England, but of Emerson's own country, which in the passing of time has earned for itself the significant title of "The land of the Almighty Dollar."

But confining ourselves to England, Emerson's strictures provide us with an independent background to the days in which Dickens lived; they endorse and throw up in bold relief much that we encounter in his novels and recorded speeches.

At about the time when Dickens was acting as a Parliamentary reporter Lord John Russell was pressing forward his Reform Bill, which, becoming law in 1832, had sweeping results. It abolished fifty-six family and "rotten" boroughs, reduced the number of members returnable to Parliament by many others, and for the first time conferred the privilege of Parliamentary representation on Manchester, Birmingham and about forty other centres of trade and population. It planted the first seeds of democratic government in that it added 500,000 voters to the poll and thus tended to lessen the power of the hitherto all-powerful aristocracy and landed gentry.

The advent of steam-power gave birth to the iron age. The spinning-jenny invented by Hargreaves, improved by Arkwright, and harnessed to steam-power enabled one spinner to do as much work as one hundred had done before. The hands, as they were called, were ignorant, badly housed, and poorly paid, and would sometimes rebel, strike for higher wages, and combine against the masters. Iron and steel did not rebel, and in 1830 a Mr. Roberts, of Manchester, procured a patent for his self-acting mule; a creation, the delight of mill-owners, and "destined," they said, "to restore order among the industrial classes; a machine requiring only a child's hand to piece the broken yarn." When Sir Samuel Romilly proposed his Bill forbidding parish officers to bind children apprentices at a greater distance than forty miles from their home, the Bill was opposed on the grounds that "*though, in the higher ranks, to cultivate family affections was a good thing, it was not so among the lower orders.* Better take them away from those who might deprave them. Moreover it was highly injurious to trade to stop binding to manufacturers, as it must raise the price of labour and of manufactured goods." The advent of steam-power drew the nobility into the industrial world; they became stock-holders in the mine which was burrowed into their land, in the canal and, later, the railway which crossed their domains. New men rose up and proved an overmatch for the landowner, and the mill and foundry bought out the castle. The Reform Bill of 1832 gave power to the newly arisen industrial middle class. The iron master took his seat in Parliament and did little or nothing for the social welfare of the rank and file; agitations continued and assumed more or less violent forms, such as the

Chartist risings of 1845. Mills and factories went up by the score, steam hissed and screamed, black smoke belched forth from factory chimneys and spread a grimy blanket over the town. Large town houses, now no longer in desirable surroundings, were left derelict by their well-to-do owners and made good pens for the ever-increasing number of "hands" required to feed the looms. The enterprising employer wanted still more dwellings where the new hands he wished to employ could live. The builder's one concern was to make money on the transaction. Town planning and any effort to brighten or embellish the face of the street were alien to the ideas of the age; mere shelters, not homes, were provided for the workers; in fact no one gave the matter a second thought. Thus was the New England built, and, as Chesterton put it, the chains fell from Mr. Rouncewell, the iron master, and when they fell from him he picked them up and put them upon the poor.

This New England was to be a land of liberty; any and every man was at liberty to make a fortune for himself or sink deeper into poverty—it was entirely up to the individual to decide. Laws were framed to give property the securest possible basis. The Englishman's home became his castle. Vested rights and absolute possession gave the smallest freeholder identity of interest with the duke. High stone walls, iron rails and padlocked garden gates proclaimed the absolute will of the owner; that what was his was his very own and that he wished to be alone.

Chesterton, in a preface to *Hard Times*, after speaking about the effects of the French Revolution, says: "Now the really odd thing about England in the nineteenth century is this—there was one Englishman who happened to keep his head. The men who lost their heads lost highly scientific and philosophical heads; men like Spencer, Bentham, Bright and Mill. The man who kept his head was Dickens. He by a mystical something went right. He knew really nothing of the revolution, yet he struck the note of it. He returned to the original sentimental commonplace upon which it is forever founded as the Church is founded on a rock. In an England gone mad about a minor theory he reasserted the original idea—the idea that no one in the State must be too weak to influence the State. He was there to remind people that England had rubbed out two words of the revolutionary motto, had left only Liberty and destroyed Equality and Fraternity."

Into this individualistic and materialistically minded New England came Charles Dickens, and as he moved in and about the highways and byways of London and of other towns and cities in search of material for his novels, as he was brought face to face with the squalor, wretchedness, depravity, crime and bestiality which existed among the dwellers of the lowest parts of the city, as he came face to face with the honest poor whose lives were a ceaseless struggle against being carried over the edge of the abyss, and as he came face to face with the members of the artisan class whose lives were one long soul-destroying, brain-stunting existence spent in minding machines, and as he looked about him and saw the almost entire absence of any facilities for their social betterment or relaxation, his sense of righteousness compelled him to take up their cause, a cause which he championed to the end of his life.

Dickens's approach to the question of poverty was from the bottom upwards; his method was to point out that the need of the poor was the excuse for their ignorance; their lack of opportunity in life and the fact that their ignorance made them incapable of bettering themselves in itself, demanded consideration for them at the hands of the educated and informed. He endeavoured to awaken an interest in the poor and their stricken condition by presenting them in his novels in such a manner as to play upon and enlist the sympathetic emotions of the

reader. Home is home to all men, and home and family life he made his central theme. He did not hesitate to make definite and forthright statements. In the *Old Curiosity Shop* he says, pausing in his story, "Let me linger in this place to remark that if ever household affections and loves are graceful things, they are graceful in the poor. The ties that bind the wealthy and the proud to home may be forged on earth, but those which link the poor man to his humble hearth are of the truer metal and bear the stamp of Heaven." Nowhere was Dickens happier than when describing the homes of his numerous humble characters. It is therefore only to be expected that when speaking as a social reformer as distinct from speaking as a novelist he should have many pertinent things to say on Housing and Sanitary Reform.

Writing in *Household Words* in 1854 he says,* "It behoves every journalist . . . to warn his readers whatsoever be their ranks and conditions, that unless they set themselves in earnest to improve the towns in which they live, and to amend the dwellings of the poor, they are guilty before God of wholesale murder." Dickens's statements on the subject in written and in spoken word are so numerous that if put together on end would be sufficient to fill a fair size book—an epitome of them would read: The reform of the people's habitations must precede all other reforms; without it all other reforms must fail. I am driven to the conviction that certain sanitary reforms must precede all other social remedies, and that neither education nor religion can do anything useful until the Government shall have discharged its first obligation and secured to the people homes instead of polluted dens and paved the way for their ministrations by cleanliness and decency. If the case is that of a miserable child, bred and nurtured in some noisome, loathsome place and tempted in these better days into a ragged school, what can a few hours' teaching effect against the ever renewed lesson of a whole existence. Give them a glimpse of heaven through a little of its light and air; give them water; help them to be clean. I saw a poisoned air in which life drooped. I saw disease arrayed in all its store of hideous aspects and appalling shapes triumphant in every alley, byway, court, back street, and poor abode. I saw wheresoever I looked cunning preparations made for defacing the Creator's image, from the moment of its appearance here on earth and stamping over it the image of the Devil. I saw, from those reeking and pernicious stews, the avenging consequences of such sin issuing forth and penetrating to the highest places. I saw the rich struck down in their strength. I saw that not one miserable wretch breathed out his poisoned life in the deepest cellar, but from the surrounding atmosphere some particles of his infection were borne away, charged with heavy retribution on the general guilt."

He described "Houses and lanes so mean and desolate and rotten that one might reasonably suppose them to be bred, as men once said of crocodiles, in all their loathsomeness, from the surrounding filth."

He pictured a home "in which lay the uncoffined body of a child decently put out on the shelf till the coffin could be earned. Not many weeks before the mother of the household had perished and been kept in the room for a fortnight unburied—the room was the workroom and living room of the family."

These few extracts from the writings and speeches of Dickens will suffice in this place to show the vigorous way in which he tackled the subject, and are full of meaning to the intelligent reader. Not once did Dickens allow himself to heap coals of fire as so many of us do, upon the unfortunate wretches who drag out their existence in the slums of our towns and cities; never once did he condemn them as being dirty, lazy, indolent, good-for-nothing creatures, but pleaded their

*To Working Men. *H. W.*, 7th October, 1854.

cause through the mouth of a Stephen Blackpool or Will Fern. " Gentlemen, begin at the right end, give us, in mercy, better homes when we're laying in our cradles ; give us kinder laws to bring us back when we're agoing wrong. There ain't a condescension you can show the labourer then, that he won't take, as ready and as grateful as a man can be ; but you must put his rightful spirit in him first ; for whether he's a wreck and ruin such as me or is like one of them that stand here now, his spirit is divided from you at this time."

So much for Dickens on housing and sanitary reform. As much and more could be quoted of his dictates on education and the people's pleasures.

Humphrey House, in his book, " The Dickens World," says, " If we come to ask whether any specific piece of legislation or any particular reform was due to Dickens's work the answer must be NO ! "

Alongside that statement we might put a statement made by Dickens : " I declare that as to all matters on the face of this teeming earth, it appears to me that the House of Commons and Parliament altogether is become just the dreariest failure and nuisance that ever bothered this much bothered world."

Towards the close of his life he replied to a remonstrance from Lord Houghton against his (Dickens's) objection to entering public life in Parliament, saying, " When I first took literature as my profession in England I calmly resolved within myself that, whether I succeeded or whether I failed, literature should be my sole profession. It appeared to me at that time that it was not so well understood in England as it was in other countries that literature was a dignified profession, by which any man might stand or fall."

In January, 1870, he reaffirmed a statement he had made a short time before ; it was a short confession of his political faith. " I have very little confidence in the people who govern us," said Dickens, " but I have great confidence in the People whom they govern, and in order that there may be no mistake as to what I mean I will restate my meaning, in the words of a great thinker, a great writer, and a great scholar : They may talk as they will about reforms which governments have introduced and improvements to be expected from legislation, but whoever will take a wider and more commanding view of human affairs will soon discover that such hopes are chimerical. They will learn that law-givers are nearly always the obstructors of society instead of its helpers and that in the extremely few cases where their measures have turned out well their success has been owing to the fact that, contrary to their usual custom, they have implicitly obeyed the spirit of their time, and have been—as they always should be—the mere servants of the people, to whose wishes they are bound to give a public and legal sanction."

To bring about wide and far-reaching reforms requires the efforts of more than just one or even a few men. Dickens fastened on the idea that no one in the State must be too weak or ill-informed to influence the State. Literature was his sole profession. It appeared to him that in England literature was not understood as a dignified calling. He added to the dignity of letters by devoting his powers as an entertaining novelist bringing before his vast concourse of readers the essential facts concerning the world in which they lived, so that there might grow up a strong, healthy and enlightened public opinion, an opinion which could assert itself and influence the State. If men did not choose to act on his message, that in no way detracts from the just merit due to Dickens.

Early this year there was published a book entitled " Our Towns—a Close Up." It is a study made during 1939-42 by the Hygiene Committee of the Women's Group on Public Welfare. It is a text-book

giving chapter and verse of the appalling state of poverty existing among a large portion of the dwellers in our towns and cities as revealed through the evacuation of areas threatened by the war. On the cover of the book the publisher has stated: "This Report is a startling document which will be commented upon widely and must lead to drastic action, certainly after, and more probably before the war is over." Without in any way wishing to belittle the report, but rather the contrary, we are confident that the Dickensian, on perusing the book, cannot fail to observe that the observations and recommendations contained therein are in practically every case identical with those propounded by Dickens.

As we remarked at the beginning of this article, all schools of thought are unanimous in their conviction that slum clearance, housing and sanitary reforms, education, etc., throughout the length and breadth of the country must henceforth be classed A1 priority in the New England that is to arise. If public opinion is strong enough there seems some possibility at last of real progress in a world in which there is to be more equality of sacrifice, opportunity, and a more equal share-out of the good things this bounteous earth affords.

Already the ramparts built around our houses in the fast disappearing New England of the last century—the iron railings and padlocked gates—have been violently wrenched from their fixings and gone into the melting-pot, perhaps this is an outward sign of the greater neighbourliness which is to arise—the Spirit of Fraternity.

The thought which arises out of all of this is that we, the members of this great Dickens Fellowship, who consider ourselves proper individuals, cultured, enlightened, and informed, must by word and action do all in our power to assist in bringing about these social reforms which our novelist ever made the burden of his message. It will be a big job, but to aim for a change of heart in this island of ours is not beyond our capacity. There is only one thing that makes it difficult to do, and that is human nature. The approach must be in the spirit of Dickens.

In an address to the National Book Council the Archbishop of Canterbury urged that amongst the desirable fixtures to be built in the homes of the future there should be a number of built-in bookshelves. "It will not be necessary," he points out, "to give rows of figures to indicate how colossal must be the number of books now awaiting shelf room—the astonishing increase in reading is one of the hopeful facts of these days."

In conclusion, Mr. Churchill has said "books in all their variety offer the means whereby civilisation may be carried triumphantly forward;" the inference we think is clear. As we picture in our mind's eye these homes of the future we cannot think of any worthier volumes to place upon those built-in shelves than the novels, writings and recorded speeches of Charles Dickens.

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## THE *NICHOLAS NICKLEBY* READING BOOK

COUNT DE SUZANNET sends us an interesting note to supplement Mr. L. A. Kennethe's article on page 75 of the 1943 volume. "Dickens used two 'reading copies' of *Nicholas Nickleby*, the 'four chapters' and the 'three chapters' copies. The latter has the 'four chapters' heading, but the pages of Chapter III are fastened together with ribbon so that they cannot be opened or turned. This was the copy which figured in the Gad's Hill Sale. I obtained it from Quaritch some years ago. The C. T. Bishop copy, sold in New York in 1938 for $1,800 (and now in the New York Public Library) was the one used for the earlier readings in four chapters and seems to belong to an earlier 'make up.'"

# AUTOPLAGIARISM

By T. KENT BRUMLEIGH

(*continued from p. 173, vol. xxxix*)

## III

I NOW present an excellent example of what I have called Dickens's autoplagiarism. It is his treatment of oil paintings. He apparently knew very little about Art with a capital, and had very little reverence for "conventions" in art or in anything else. I have already shewn how genially he tilts at the wearing of gloves for gentility and so it is easy to follow his gay method of dealing with paintings. He made his first criticism in early life, in *The Pickwick Papers* with the following lovely instance: Outside Mrs. Weller's inn at Dorking there stood a "large sign-board representing the head and shoulders of a gentleman with an apoplectic countenance, in a red coat with deep blue facings and a touch of the same blue over his three-cornered hat for a sky. Over that again were a pair of flags; beneath the last button of his coat were a couple of cannon; and the whole formed an expressive and undoubted likeness of the Marquis of Granby."

This evidently pleased Dickens, so in *Nicholas Nickleby* he takes us right into the artist's studio and lets Miss La Creevy give away her professional secrets and tell us how it is done: "Two portraits of naval dress-coats with faces looking out of them and telescopes attached; one of a young gentleman in a very vermilion uniform flourishing a sabre; and one of a literary character with a high forehead, a pen and ink, six books, and a curtain; a touching representation of a young lady reading a manuscript in an unfathomable forest; and a charming whole-length of a large-headed little boy sitting on a stool with his legs fore-shortened to the size of salt-spoons." Those were the exhibition pieces, and now we can see "how it is done"; the words are Miss La Creevy's own: "Look at the Royal Academy; all those beautiful shiny portraits of gentlemen in black waistcoats with their fists doubled up on round tables or marble slabs; are *serious*, you know; all the ladies who are playing with little parasols, or little dogs, or little children, are *smirking*; there are only two styles of portrait painting, the serious and the smirk—the serious for professional people (except actors sometimes), and the smirk for ladies and gentlemen." One notices at once how Dickens has followed the pattern he set in *Pickwick*, so we can quote some more instances of genuine autoplagiarism.

Of course the stately Dedlock household gives him a fine chance. "Sir Leicester Dedlock has his pictures, ancient and modern—some of the Fancy Ball School of Art . . . which would be best catalogued like miscellaneous articles in a sale; as—Three high-backed chairs, a table and cover, long-necked bottle (containing wine), one flask, one Spanish female's costume, three-quarter face portrait of Miss Jogg the model, and a suit of armour containing Don Quixote." Or—"One stone terrace (cracked), one gondola in distance, one Venetian Senator's dress complete, richly embroidered white satin costume with profile portrait of Miss Jogg the model, one scimitar superbly mounted in gold with jewelled handle, elaborate Moorish dress (very rare) and Othello." But let us hear Harold Skimpole as a guide to the same pictures in the Dedlock gallery at Chesney Wold: "There were such portentous shepherdesses among the Ladies Dedlock dead and gone, that peaceful crooks became weapons of assault in their hands. They tended their flocks severely in buckram and powder, and put their sticking-plaster patches on to terrify commoners as the chiefs of some other tribes put on their war-paint. There was a Sir Something Dedlock

with a battle, a sprung-mine, volumes of smoke, flashes of lightning, a town on fire and a stormed fort, all in full action between his horse's hind legs, showing how little a Dedlock made of such trifles." There is a genuine touch of the Marquis of Granby style of picture.

But it need not necessarily be a portrait to excite Dickens's sense of the ridiculous; a classical subject will do. The following details are pieced together from separate passages in *Bleak House*, and the words are Dickens's own. "Here, in Mr. Tulkington's room, is the painted ceiling with fore-shortened Allegory in the person of one impossible Roman upside-down, points with the arm of Samson (out of joint and an odd one), with cheeks like peaches and knees like bunches of blossoms, and rosy swellings for calves to its legs and muscles to its arms; that importunate Roman with attendant big-legged boys, is for ever toppling out of the clouds and pointing." This description reminds one very forcibly of Verrio's painted ceiling of the staircase at Hampton Court, sardonically referred to by Pope as "sprawling gods."

In *Little Dorrit* we are told that Mr. Meagles, an omnivorous collector, had in his possession "a few of the regular old Saints, with sinews like whip-cord, hair like Neptune's, wrinkles like tattooing, and such coats of varnish that every holy personage served for a fly-trap." A sly dig at the brilliance of Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait-painting is conveyed in this sentence: "Mr. Barnacle dated from a better time . . . he wound and wound folds of white cravat round his neck; his wristbands and collar were oppressive; he had a large watchchain and bunch of seals, a coat buttoned up to inconvenience, a waistcoat buttoned up to inconvenience, an unwrinkled pair of trousers, a stiff pair of boots. He was altogether splendid, massive, overpowering and impracticable. He seemed to have been sitting for his portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence all the days of his life."

Here is the way the garrulous Flora Finching carries on about her deceased husband: as usual she does not stop to take breath: "Portrait of Mr. F. behind the door and very life like though too much forehead and as to a pillar with a marble pavement and balustrades and a mountain I never saw him near it nor not likely." Dickens adds that the artist had given Mr. F. a head that would have been, in an intellectual point of view, top-heavy for Shakespeare.

All the above references are to oil paintings, but the whimsical method of description is applied to an engraving. In *Our Mutual Friend*, Twemlow's distinguished relative, Lord Snigsworth, appears on the walls like this: "a full-length engraving of the sublime Lord Snigsworth over the chimney-piece, snorting at a Corinthian column, with an enormous roll of paper at his feet and a heavy curtain going to tumble down on his head."

It will be noticed that the same thread of thought runs through all the examples I have given of "art-criticism," and they can be rightly considered as plagiarisms following the pattern Dickens had set himself in dealing with the Marquis of Granby, and I finish the series with a description (reminiscent of the old rhyme, "The green grass grew all round") of a portrait, examples of which can be found in any old family album. Mr. Jobling, alias Weevle, treasured "a portrait of Lady Dedlock over the mantel-piece, in which she is represented on a terrace, with a pedestal upon the terrace, and a vase upon the pedestal, and her shawl upon the vase, and a prodigious piece of fur upon the shawl, and her arm on the prodigious piece of fur, and a bracelet on her arm." A fine skit on the conventional method of "posing" a victim for the photographer. Taste has changed!

When next you visit a public picture gallery, don't let your appreciation of the artistic merits of the portraits be distracted by the con-

templation of the Corinthian pillars, the heavily trunked trees, the suits of armour, the scintillating jewels, the volumes of smoke, the threatening draperies, the huge cloaks and all the other " properties " of an artist's studio.

# NOTES TO *DAVID COPPERFIELD*

By T. W. HILL

(*Continued from page* 201, *volume xxxix*)

## Chapter LV

1. RETURN TO HER HOUSE AT DOVER. It was not hers as she had sold it (Chapter XLIII) after letting it at £70 a year (Chapters XXXV and XXXIX) for a time, just prior to David's marriage to Dora. [Query : Did she buy it back again ?]

2. A VERY REMARKABLE SKY. This chapter shews Dickens's descriptive powers at their very highest. The truth of his observation, the accuracy of his memory, the exactitude of every detail of the gathering storm and its climax, and the eloquence of his phraseology, render this chapter one of the most remarkable he ever wrote. It is quite unnecessary to try to trace a real tempest from which he could have drawn his inspiration where every particular convinces and recalls to the reader skies and storms within his own experience and combined in this narrative in one great and awe-inspiring picture of the uncontrollable forces of Nature. It is small wonder that literary critics have always acclaimed this description as of outstanding genius. The effort of writing this chapter is reflected in Dickens's correspondence: " eight hours at a stretch yesterday and six and a half hours to-day with Ham and Steerforth has completely knocked me over . . . in that tremendous paroxysm of Copperfield having my most powerful effect . . . coming out of Copperfield into a condition of temporary and partial consciousness . . . I think better than any that have gone before."

3. BLEW GREAT GUNS. A very old saying of nautical origin, perhaps from an analogy that the wind had the force of artillery explosions.

4. HEAD UPON HIS ARM. Dickens emphasises Steerforth's attitude at rest by purposely repeating the phrase in almost the same words. (*a*) " His handsome face turned up, and his head reclining easily on his arm " (Chapter VI) ; (*b*) " lying, easily, with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him at school " (Chapter XXIX) ; (*c*) " lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school " (this chapter).

## Chapter LVII

1. GUERNSEY SHIRT. A woollen knitted shirt first worn by sailors of the Channel Islands ; called also Jersey.

2. SUITS OF SLOPS. Slops (from Icelandic *sloppr*, a loose garment) are wide breeches worn by sailors, hence any ill-fitting clothes. Marine stores and cheap ready-made clothiers are often called slop-shops.

3. HUNGERFORD STAIRS. Early in the nineteenth century nowhere was the bank of the river enbanked, and the shore by the water's edge was mostly mud uncovered at every tide, as described in the text here, as well as at Millbank (see Chapter XLVII). Stairs, that is flights of wooden steps, were placed at intervals for the accommodation of watermen and passengers to the boats. Hungerford Stairs was a reminder that Hungerford House (on the site of which Hungerford Market was built) had its own water-gate to the river, as had all the noblemen's mansions along the Strand. It took its name from its noble owners. At the time of the story there was, of course, a ferry across the river, Hungerford Bridge not being erected till 1845.

4. EVERY NICE OFFENCE. Micawber completes the quotation that his wife has unconsciously begun :

> " In such a time as this it is not meet
> That every nice offence should bear his comment."
>
> " Julius Caesar," Act IV, Scene 3.

5. LARBOARD QUARTER. The quarter is that part of the side of a vessel between the main-mast and the helm. Larboard is the left side looking forward. The term was replaced about the middle of the nineteenth century by the word " port," owing, it is said, to the similarity of larboard to starboard (the right side) which might give rise to accidents.

6. TWO CHILDREN HE HAD BEEN NURSING. In Chapter LII Micawber had five children, viz., Miss Micawber, Wilkins, the twins, and the baby. Mr. Peggotty must therefore have been nursing the twins (one on each knee) and they were fifteen years old !

7. OSTADE. Adrian Ostade, Dutch painter (1610-1685), specialised in interiors of rustic hovels and beer-houses. Hence the allusion.

8. WINDSAIL. A canvas tube with an open mouth to catch the breeze and convey a current of air for ventilating the interior of a ship.

9. LAY STILL ON THE FLUSHED WATER. If the vessel lay between David's boat and the radiant sunset, David must have been down river and facing west. The ship would thus pass him as it set out on its course. After the vessel had passed and was on its way eastward Emily passed out of sight, but could not have been " surrounded by the rosy light."

## Chapter LVIII

1. WROTE A STORY. This would be David's second work of fiction. His rise to fame was as meteoric as Dickens's own, for in the same paragraph he speaks of " my growing reputation," and in Chapter LIX Traddles greets him as " grown so famous." Chillip says that in Suffolk " we are not ignorant of your fame," and in Chapter LX Agnes speaks of his " growing reputation." And all on the strength of two books.

## Chapter LIX

1. STREET . . . DRAINED AND WIDENED. The construction and opening of the present London Bridge in 1831 was the cause of many improvements in the district on the north bank of the Thames, and it was not necessary for David to name a particular street.

2. HOLBORN COURT was renamed South Square many years ago. One notes that although Traddles was " of the Inner Temple," as soon as he was called to the bar he took chambers in Gray's Inn.

3. SANDED FLOOR. The practice of putting down sand or sawdust has ceased, except at country inns on market days, and in wet or dirty weather.

4. LITTLE OIL WICK. A somewhat primitive method of illumination ; a wick is pushed through a hole in a small disc of wood floating in a saucerful of oil—usually colza oil on account of its low flash-point ; it is nearly odourless.

5. PUSS-IN-THE-CORNER. This game, if played indoors by grown-ups, would need a fairly large room as at least five players are wanted. Traddles had with him Sophy and five of her sisters—one with a weak back who would presumably be unable to join in.

6. BRITANNIA METAL. An alloy compounded of tin and antimony (with some other ingredients in small quantities) ; it takes a brilliant polish. It was introduced at Sheffield as a rival to pewter in 1770. It forms an excellent base for electro-plating with silver.

7. DOE DEM. JIPES *versus* WIGZELL. Dem. is a legal contraction for demisee. John Doe is a sham name for a fictitious plaintiff in an action for ejectment. Jipes wants possession of land held by Wigzell, and Jipes pretends that Doe holds it from him (Jipes) under a lease. The Court accepts the fiction and rules that Wigzell will only be allowed to contest the case if he admits the lease from Jipes to Doe. John Doe and Richard Roe, John O'Noakes and Tom Styles (see Buzfuz's speech in Bardell *v.* Pickwick), all legal fictions, were swept out of existence and consigned to limbo by the Common Law Procedure Act of 1852.

8. POUNCE. A fine powder (originally pumice—whence the name) used for drying up ink on a manuscript, before the invention of blotting-paper. It is useful also for preparing the surface of parchment before it is written upon. (Fine sand was also used for the same purpose.)

9. WAFERS. Thin adhesive discs of dried paste (made in various colours) for fastening envelopes or sealing letters, etc.

10. SULTAN'S FAMOUS FAMILY. One of Dickens's numerous references to Alroun Alraschid in the Arabian Nights—always a favourite with him.

11. FATHER-IN-LAW'S SISTER. Miss Jane Murdstone. Dickens nearly always uses Father-in-law and Mother-in-law for Step-father and Step-mother.

12. PHRENOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENT. The pseudo-science of phrenology, introduced late in the eighteenth century, teaches that the centres of activity in the brain (accepted by all scientists) affect by their greater or less development the exterior shape of the bones of the skull (a claim that is rejected by scientists). It may be mentioned that the organ of firmness referred to by Mr. Chillip is placed by phrenologists on the top of the head.

13. FEATHER OF A PEN. A quill pen, of course.

### CHAPTER LX

1. CLINKING ALONG . . . IN PATTENS. Pattens are wooden soles strapped to the boot in the same way as a skate and mounted on iron supports, usually ring-shaped. They raise the wearer's feet out of wet or mud.

### CHAPTER LXI

1. TOWER OF BABEL. On account of the solidity of construction; not because of the confusion of tongues as talking was not permitted in a prison devoted to solitary confinement. (See also note 2, Chapter XLVII.)

### CHAPTER LXII

1. WE WALKED IN THE FIELDS. It seems hypercritical to be prosaic about this charming picture of love-making, but it must be pointed out that David had, in the afternoon, ridden sixteen miles (say two hours), but Agnes did not offer him a cup of tea; then they go for a walk—it would not be a brisk one—on a "cold, harsh, wintry evening," . . . with "snow, not deep . . . but frozen on the ground," and are apparently out late till the early stars shine; on their return no mention is made of any meal or refreshment, and poor old Mr. Wickfield seems entirely forgotten and neglected. Query: Did David ride the sixteen miles back to Dover without having had any sustenance since mid-day?

2. HYSTERICS. The term once used to describe a paroxysm of mental excitement, simulating hysteria (a disease of a much more serious nature) by fits of immoderate laughing and crying simultaneously, often accompanied by spasmodic movements of the limbs. Hysterics is usually due to lack of self-control. Sympathetic coddling, administration of comforting drinks, smelling salts or burnt feathers nearly always effect a cure. An attack is seldom heard of nowadays except in fun.

### CHAPTER LXIII

1. OUGHT TO 'T. "As we ought to have worked." See Chapter IV, note 1.

2. BOWED FROM SIDE-DOOR. In the nineteenth century public dinners were mostly confined to the male sex, but a gallery often permitted ladies to look on the festive scene and hear the after-dinner speeches; see the parenthesis after Mrs. Micawber's name. (*Cf.* Accounts of dinners in *American Notes*.)

3. REMOTE, UNFRIENDLY, MELANCHOLY, SLOW. This is the opening line of Goldsmith's poem, "The Traveller."

4. EAGLE COURSE. This is probably an adaptation of a line in "Timon of Athens":

> "An eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
> Leaving no tract behind."
>
> Act I, Scene 1.

### CHAPTER LXIV

1. CROESUS. The last king of Lydia, in Asia Minor, reigned from 560 to 546 B.C. By his conquests he accumulated so much treasure that his wealth has become proverbial.

2. TIFFIN. Now assimilated by Anglo-Indians as the term for luncheon. Tiffing is a word from Northern India meaning "supping," *i.e.* eating or drinking out of season.

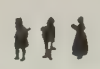
3. CHAMBERS IN THE TEMPLE. So Mr. Traddles "of the Inner Temple" went back to his own inn.

4. THE GIRLS. Dickens has lost count of the multitudinous family of the Crewler girls. There were: Beauty, a widow; three married with

husbands living ; three living with Traddlles ; three keeping house at home and Sophy ; total eleven, although Sophy was " one of ten, down in Devonshire " (Chapter XXVII).

## ADDENDUM.

Chapter II, Note 4.—BOY IN THE FAIRY TALE. This allusion is to Hansel who, when his father tried to desert him and his sister Grettel in the wood, dropped white pebbles on the path in order to trace the way home again. From " Hansel and Grettel," in Grimms' Fairy Tales [Kinder—und Haus—Märchen], by the brothers Jakob Ludwig Karl Grimm (1785-1863) and Wilhelm Grimm (1786-1859). Three serise 1812-22.]



# *THE CAROL* AFTER EDGAR ALLAN POE

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, came a phantom grim and eerie,
Into Mr. Scrooge's mansion, right up to his chamber door ;
When it entered, without tapping, Scrooge was sitting gently lapping
Gruel, and very nearly napping, on that Christmas Eve of yore.
All this happened on that very foggy night long years before,
Merely this and nothing more.

It was in the bleak December, very cold, you may remember,
Scrooge's fire, one single ember, casts no shadow on the floor.
Summer breeze or North-East freezer, were the same to Ebenezer,
Lean as Cassius, hard as Cæsar, that was Scrooge the night before
Marley's ghost and his three spirits came in through the heavy door,
Double-locked by Scrooge before.

" Give me comfort, ghost of Marley," " No, I can't, I've come to parley
Of your dark and murky future, show you what you have in store."
Scrooge felt anxious at this greeting, he disliked this midnight meeting,
And the ghost, who hated heating, from his head the bandage tore ;
Cooling thus his burning brow and letting drop his lower jaw.
Scrooge collapsed upon the floor.

Then the ghost with no uncertain step moved to the casement curtain,
Lifted high the frosted window and there came a muffled roar.
" Scrooge now quit your kneeling posture ; come and see, it's no imposture,
All these phantoms, at least most, your cronies were in days of yore.
Merchants, bankers, men of business, happy once, now groaning sore.
Listen to their moaning more.

" I have come to give you warning, close on twelve or early morning,
Three more ghosts will pay you visits ; counting me, that just makes four,
I, indeed, am not returning "—Scrooge was very nearly turning
Blue with cold, no fire was burning, and the night air came in frore.
So he jumped into his bed, and closed his eyes, began to snore,
Went to sleep, knew nothing more.

Ghosts of Christmas Past and Present came with warnings far from pleasant.
But the Last of these three spirits pierced his conscience to the core,
Down he fell in abject terror, till at length he spied a tremor
In the phantom, saw his error, saw the ghost was nothing more
Than his old familiar bed-posts, merely this and nothing more,
Now the fearful dream was o'er.

Scrooge awakened from his dreaming, found the morning sun was streaming
In his dark and dingy chamber from the ceiling to the floor.
He became a kinder master, saved the Crachits from disaster,
Almost he became a plaster saint, the wicked Scrooge of yore.
No more spirits, no more phantoms, no more " humbug " any more,
That's the end and nothing more.

J. H. MCNULTY.

# "INTO THE SHADOWY WORLD"

By GWEN MAJOR

THAT is how Dickens felt he was sending forth David Copperfield, *i.e.* himself, as he penned the last few pages before publication. A shadowy world of the Past, which was always a background to his Present, cherished and loved despite the bad patch which fell across his path for about 18 months from the age of 11, a memory packed with the clear-cut observations of the fresh young mind of an unsuspected genius.

It is so much a commonplace to say that *David Copperfield* is autobiographical that even those who know little or nothing either of the author or his works have heard that.

Those who do know something of both generally have but a vague idea of what they mean by autobiographical in this case. Some mean that the actual story is more or less Dickens's own, others that most of the characters were his associates. They refer to the "blacking period," to Micawber and his imprisonment or the shorthand struggles as examples, and imply the rest to be equally taken from actual experiences.

Yet, what actually are the facts ? How far precisely does the story follow the life ? Not, in detail, very much.

Though David, like Charles, is born on a Friday and also a few hours before midnight, he is born posthumously and passes his early boyhood not in a busy port, with father, mother, brothers and sisters and plenty of companions, as Charles does, but in the utter quiet of a remote country village.

Certainly David has a good, kind nurse as Charles and all his family had. She was Mary Weller, who may have sat for Peggotty, besides lending her name to Sam's Intended. Peggotty as a Christian name for women, by the way, was still used in Chatham, Robert Langton said, when he was writing the "Childhood and Youth of Dickens" (1883).

And David had an aunt, but not living with and helping a good (and at least then) practical mother as in Charles's case. For David's aunt seems to have been the mischeivous fairy at his birth, vanishing immediately after, albeit her good qualities were mysteriously felt and conveyed by David's poor little mother to the sensitive little boy and brought him his greatest good in the end.

Charles had no such idyllic Yarmouth holiday as had David, though I do think his little sweetheart, the golden-haired Lucy, she of the peach complexion and blue sash who seemed to live a life of birthdays, was Little Em'ly as David first knew her. And doubtless the sturdy Yarmouth boatmen had their originals in Chatham.

Again, Charles did not suffer at the hands of a stepfather, experience such tortures over early education, nor see his mother pine away of a broken heart. Nor did he ever live at a boarding school, or come to London utterly bereft of relatives and start a job and lodging-house life entirely destitute, though he did follow his family up alone, presumably.

True, Charles's father, John, became David's landlord, Micawber, and in both cases the imprisonment in point of time came some short while *after* both boys got to London, and then, the days of degradation, in one case in a blacking and another a bottling firm, were in essentials identical, both boys eventually going to live in Lant Street to be nearer the debtors. Both boys before the prison period learned how to pawn and shared their elder's downfall in a painfully old-fashioned way. In Charles's case, however, the whole warehouse experience could

only have lasted 3-4 months and because his father was imprisoned; and in David's the warehouse life began with his coming to London, continuing while Micawber was in prison until after his release and he had left for Plymouth. (Odd, by the way, that Micawber should have been sent to a seaport and the Customs, in view of John's life in a seaport.)

Yet even these similar experiences were dissimilar in that David went through them because of destitution of worldly goods and family and with a stranger, and Charles because his family was temporarily under a cloud.

This dissimilarity widens after, when David from very misery breaks the spell himself and finds an aunt and comfortable days in a quiet home and good country school, while David and his family return to surburban existence, though at least amply fed and housed, and goes to a none-too-well managed day school.

The next phase has both a similarity and dissimilarity: David's indulgent Aunt gives him time and means to "look about," and finally to enter one of the more cushy sides of the law, while Dickens follows the way of thousands of suburban families and, also turning to the law, becomes a very minor clerk.

Whereas Charles, after about 18 months, gives up the law to practice shorthand and thus improve his position, David has perforce to give it up and descend to shorthand as a means of bare existence. Both, however, show exceptional perseverence, ability, and success, in Press and Parliament, and both emerge successful authors.

Again, both at about the same age fall in love, but with what different results! While both suffer the usual pangs of hope and despair experienced in first love, poor Charles has few of the sweets and much of the bitter of that state, ending with his own decision, after three years of strain, to break with that love for ever. David, however, merges into an idyllic state of engagement and marriage, and when the gentle chapter closes, albeit we know, and David knows too, that it is best so for him, we grieve and regret that it had to be.

From thenceforward, of course, the story of each young man is quite different; it had to be to make a unified, happy-all-round-in-the-end story for David, with justice meted out to the wrong-doers, as is proper to fiction if not to fact.

So much for the events—what of the characters?

All who knew John Dickens recognised him in Micawber, his pompous sayings, mercurial temperament, and good heart.

I do not think Dickens used his mother's temperament in the story, only facts about her. So we have the gentle mother teaching David, as Charles's mother taught him at home, but the former had to be timid and docile, not to say a trifle vain, or she could not have come under the sway of the Murdstones and David's life thus be influenced, while Mrs. Micawber only imitated Mrs. Dickens in the brass plate episode, as did Mrs. Rumty Wilfer.

Miss Mowcher was a more serious case, serious because Dickens forgot the feelings of the living and afflicted. So Miss Mowcher, *i.e.* Mrs. Hill, wrote to complain, and Count de Suzannet has a letter which Dickens addressed to Robert Rogers, Esq., dated December 21st, 1849, which reads as follows:

Devonshire Terrace,
Twenty-First December, 1849.

Sir,

I received your letter late last night.

Now that I learn from you that Mrs. Hill and her friends consider that the alteration I offered (in my letter to her) to make in the character in question will tend to repair the uneasiness I have unintentionally caused her, I have not the least hesitation in pledging myself to make it.

But I must beg you to understand that it can only be made in the natural progress and current of the story. Even if the next number were not already in the Press, it would be impossible to be made there, because the character is not introduced, and the course of the tale is not at all in that direction.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Robert Rogers, Esquire.

This letter has only appeared in the Nonesuch Edition, Vol. 2, p. 193. Mrs. Hill's letter and Dickens's reply have not yet come to light,

Brooks of Sheffield was imaginary, but a real Brookes, of Sheffield came to light, sending Dickens a case of cutlery in his delight over the use of his name, as he thought, receiving in return "my own copy of *Copperfield*," as Dickens wrote to him. (See p. 44 of *The Dickensian* of 1930 for the letter in full.)

Traddles is generally considered to be Justice Sir T. N. Talfourd and to have had his gentle, naive and lovable disposition, but I also think Traddles was a lively young schoolfellow of Charles, perhaps of the Wellington House time, mixed with recollections of Furnival's Inn days.

As to Steerforth, Robert Langton says that Charles had a school friend at Chatham, George Stroughill, "a frank, open and daring boy" whose attractive qualities make up the better side of James Steerforth.

I feel that Uriah Heep most certainly went to one of the schools Dickens attended and cadged and cringed to some of the brighter boys.

One cannot help feeling that Agnes was twins—something of Charles's good and gentle sister, Fanny, and much of his sister-in-law, Mary Hogarth. In his last words about Agnes I can hear an echo of his first thoughts of Mary and the might-have-been.

Mr. Taylor, a master at Wellington House, seems to have been fond of the flute and no doubt it is he who reappears as Mr. Mell.

Speaking of Rosa Dartle, Forster says that Dickens used the peculiarity of a lady friend whose habit it was never to say anything outright but by hinting to make more of her meaning.

Dora probably had much of Maria Beadnell's waywardness, perhaps much of her girlish charm, and crossed David's path at much the same juncture as did Maria in Charles's case. But there I think the similarity fades away into the might-have-been.

I feel that Mr. Chillip lived in the early Chatham days and was at the birth of some one or other of the growing Dickens family, the not-too-strong Charles feeling him often "in vain."

The Orfling, Barkis, Mrs. Gummidge, Mr. Omer and the Old Soldier are probably among memories of Chatham, and the Crewler family, the Miss Larkins (the latter name is perpetuated in a monument within sight of Higham), Miss Julia Mills and her father, may have been among the young people whom Dickens, the successful shorthand writer and budding author, in rooms away from his family, visited and joined in many a gay rout or evening party.

There are many little touches, incidents or characteristics throughout the book which one feels by the very simplicity of their telling were culled from actual people and events. The stamp is unmistakable. For instance, that Sunday morning when David in church looks out of the open door and in the sunlight sees a "stray sheep—I don't mean a sinner, but mutton—half making up his mind to come into the church," and Peggotty's buttons which would fly off under stress. St. Paul's on her workbox, earlier recollections of first walking, the rooks, the smell of the stores cupboard and geography of the passages, later ones of story-telling to Steerforth, old-fashioned ways when thrown on his own resources in London, and later still of struggles with

boots and cravats in the love-making days—there is a "remembered" note in the telling which in some instances can be proved.

All leads to one conclusion—Charles *is* David, in the real incidents and associates and the fancied. Charles knows just how things did or would have struck him and makes David use the very words and ideas that he, the observant boy and youth, used or would have used.

Undoubtedly he felt himself, even when small, something apart, probably largely as a result of his early delicacy. His intelligence and attractive appearance would draw attention to him, and his actor's instincts, early developed, taught him how to be amusing and to hold it.

As with all ardent natures, a grievance becomes stronger as time passes and so the blacking days are greatly stressed and lengthened in the story. But who can deny that the wrong inflicted on him was very real, though actually short-lived, and when Dickens wrote the personal reminiscences of this time which he sent to Forster and later used so closely for David, he knew that it was the result, not of ill-luck, but great improvidence on his father's part.

Bitterly as he resented these days they had no serious effect on him, as one can see in the evidence Robert Langton records about Dickens holding his head "higher than the average boy" at Wellington House School, and not least in the humour with which he tells of Micawber's downfall and passage through the King's Bench.

Many blame Forster for not learning more of Dickens's early life while he could. I think they are wrong. I think Forster did most admirably. He only came into Dickens's life when the latter had begun to be a successful author, when by the very nature of his work he was among entirely different surroundings and people from those of his earlier life. What he did give in the *Life* was carefully done as to facts in the time before they met, compassionate as to the autobiographical MS. Dickens gave him to use, while he seems to have had too much delicacy to probe for more than he was told. How could he have caught the lights and shades, the myriad incidents that made up the little boy's, the growing youth's, life? Those are not sought, they are revealed. The loving care with which he tells of all he does see in their long friendship shows what he might have told had he known Dickens from babyhood.

We have, however, Robert Langton's "Childhood and Youth of Dickens," written on the spot where much of the early days were passed, among living memories of the boy—something not available as it so happened to Forster. If we take the work of these two men we have a pretty good background on which to build.

Two who might have told us much and bridged the gap are Thomas Mitton, a fellow clerk with Dickens at Molloy's, and Thomas Beard, Dickens's "oldest friend," *i.e.*, one who remained so from the reporting days to the end of Dickens's life.

The charm that is David's was that of Charles Dickens, and one can better understand what he grew to be, and all he wrote, if one studies David, the boy and man.

## THE MAYOR OF CLOISTERHAM

Miss Butler, the Hon. Secretary of the Rochester branch, asks us to correct a statement on page 173 of the last issue, wherein we inadvertently stated that Councillor Hawes was the Mayor of Rochester. It is Councillor C. S. Knight who held that honoured position, and kindly gave permission for the Guildhall to be used for the meeting. Councillor Hawes, Mayor of Chatham, was present at the meeting and spoke.

# MR. DICKENS IS "RECALLED TO LIFE"

## A WHIMSY

By HOWARD G. PFROMMER*

I

*ONE afternoon—if there are afternoons "up there"—Charles Dickens and John Forster sat chatting over their tea—or whatever they call tea. I am quite sure it was nothing stronger, for that would be inconsistent with the general idea of the place. At any rate, there they sat—and now and then a wisp of cloud passed about their heads . . . . .*

Mr. Dickens: Forster, what on earth do you suppose those enormous bird-like objects are down there? They can't be birds, either, because they seem to have a perpetual roar, and yet they do seem to lay, or rather drop, tremendous eggs. And there is an awful thud every time those eggs hit earth—there, did you hear that one?

Mr. Forster: Yes, I heard it. I really don't know what to say, "Inimitable." I have been watching those creatures, or whatever they are, and the peace which I enjoyed when I first arrived here is mysteriously disturbed. I had thought of asking leave to return and look into things, but I really do not have the reportorial mind and ability to bring back a good story. Say! there's a thought now—you, "Inimitable" would be just the one to go and look things over. With that photographic pen of yours, you could give us something really descriptive and detailed. But, I suppose you wouldn't want to do anything like that because (*Forster smiles knowingly*) it couldn't be copyrighted, you know—and there could be no Reading Tours under our present circumstances!

Mr. Dickens: Well, Forster, you never favoured my taking long journeys into other hemispheres—you recall the fuss you made when I went to America! But, since you seem to have changed your attitude, do you suppose you could arrange with St. Peter for me to return to earth for a few days?

Mr. Forster: No sooner said than done, my dear fellow. I have been on my good behaviour and only the other day St. Peter remarked that some little reward might be coming my way. You know I just got in here by the so-called "skin of my teeth." I have been very thankful.

Mr. Dickens: Well, do arrange for me to revisit the earth. I do so want to go. I am afraid, though, that I do not stand so well with Peter. You know there was a very careful investigation of me when I applied for entrance here because of the dressing-down I gave some of those clergymen; but after Peter met Stiggins he came round to my view of things!

*And in a space—there seem to be no clocks or seconds, minutes, hours, there—Forster returned with the permission, the necessary personal adornments, money, and hotel reservations—and what seemed most important, a kind of vest, which, when worn, had the magic power of making those whom Dickens met not wish to ask too intimate questions. Dickens looked the things over.*

Mr. Dickens: Well, the styles have certainly toned down since our day—how I should have liked one of those bright waistcoats I used to affect. But, Forster, what name is this on these visiting cards and on this hotel reservation! D-E-L-L-A-C-E-R O'T-E-F-I-L. "Dellacer O'Tefil." In my wildest fancy I never concocted one like that!

* Of the Chicago Branch.

MR. FORSTER: Why, Inimitable, Peter says it's simply a re-arrangement of the letters of the very first words from one of your novels—but for the life of me, I don't recall it, do you ?

MR. DICKENS: We'll talk about it later, Forster. If I am to start before the sun sets on things down there, I had best get going. What conveyance do I use ?

MR. FORSTER: Peter has kept that a secret. He suggested that you take a bit of a nap now . . .

*The scene now changes to the lobby of a Bath hotel. Mr. Dickens is discovered nodding in one of the easy chairs. He awakens abruptly as he feels the broom of one of the porters strike his foot.*

THE PORTER: Well, now you know, sir, begging your pardon, sir, but the clerk says it isn't the thing to sleep here all the evening ; you've been here since four you know, and if you are to stop the night and want a bite of supper, you had best sign the register and get into the coffee-room before it closes.

*How did he get here ? Mr. Dickens did not know. And nobody seemed to think his presence unusual. Where was he ? Mr. Dickens did not know that either. But, Mr. Dickens was never one to fail to adapt himself to untoward circumstances ; and so he stretched, stifled a yawn, and strode to the desk and asked for a room with a bit of fire and " would they send up his dinner ? " Mr. Dickens was writing his assumed name as he asked this and he noted from the register that he was in Bath.*

THE CLERK: The name is Delaccer O'Tefil. Oh, yes, we have been expecting you. A reservation came in just after noon. You must have had a tiresome journey, sir. Here, boy (*the boy was about* 52), take Mr. O'Tefil up immediately. What's that you said ? (*turning to Dickens*) dinner in your room ? A roast fowl with the usual trimmings, a pie and incidentals ? You will have your Dickensian joke, won't you ? A newspaper reporter, I suppose !

MR. DICKENS: I beg your pardon. I have done something in the reporting way, yes—but I don't altogether relish your familiarity.

THE CLERK: Oh, I say—no offence, my dear sir. I do think there is something left from dinner. Have you your ration book ?

MR. DICKENS: Ration book ! What do you mean, sir ?

THE CLERK: (*Under his breath*) Dear me, this man is a little bit off, I am afraid—or is he trying to pull my leg. (*Aloud*) We were very fortunate to-day ; we got a dozen eggs and very likely there is one left—you know you are entitled to one every two weeks—I hope you haven't used your coupons ; we shall require them as you are staying more than five nights.

*And now Mr. Dickens mused, " Of a certainty, I am in a madhouse. Coupons—one egg every two weeks—what can the fellow mean and where does he get such ideas ? " . . . . .*

II

Well, Dickens must have some supper. True, meals were very light " up there," but then activities were light also, and they did not require much to keep them going—but Dickens found that down here appetite was a villainous thing and must be satisfied.

He entered the coffee-room and sat down. The waiter (another juvenile of about sixty-two) came over somewhat impatiently as much as to say " He *would* wait until five minutes to closing-time." Up to this point, Dickens had been only extremely confused. But, from this point on, the adverb to intensify his confusion is not to be found. Another madman—only much more mad than any—insanely mad, growing violently and progressively madder all the time ; and the conversation went round and round in a dizzy whirl all about coupons for this, coupons for that, coupons for the other—ending with a blast

from the three-score youngster when there was no ration book in any of Dickens's pockets—and a threat from Dickens, fearful to hear and not proper to repeat, but ending with "the management shall hear of this, my fine fellow." Just the way Dickens finished off that word "fellow" would have made anyone but a hardened waiter tremble.

Poor Dickens, he was now quite knocked-up; he was terribly hungry; and yet rather than do anything to cause more trouble he thought he would retire—maybe this was to be expected—maybe it was a sort of transitory state—and maybe in the morning matters would be clearer.

Dickens slept. At least, his eyes were shut. But, his appetite did not sleep. He dreamed of those dinners he used to have with Forster and the others to celebrate the completion of one or other of the novels; he dreamed that he was a character in one of those novels, a sort of unexpected guest at Wardle's Christmas party and every time he was about to put a choice morsel into his mouth the Fat Boy woke up and snatched it away! In desperation Dickens found himself looking for the potatoes in Mrs. Jellyby's coal-scuttle; and he got quite a chill because in his sleep he pulled down the sheets and looked for the roast fowl that Pip once put in bed, preliminary to serving. But he could not even locate the spots of congealed gravy! Poor Dickens just tossed and tossed . . .

He was awakened at that darkest period before morning. He had been pushed. That's what it seemed like; just an enormous push; only this push did not come from one direction; it was an all-round push; it came from all directions at once, and then there was an enormous BANG! It wasn't a bag, either; that is much too mild a word. It was so loud you could taste, hear, feel, yes, almost smell it. For once the great master of words was at a loss to describe a physical sensation. He could only refer to the experience as "It."

"What is it," he shouted as he appeared in the lobby just about half-dressed—that is, the lower part of him was dressed, the upper part was quite naked—he had even forgotten his miracle vest. Oh, yes, he did have his hat! All in all, he looked somewhat like one of his own eccentrics.

But there was no uproar. The staff went about their business as usual. The clerk was scratching with his pen; the half-century boy was, like another more famous boy, sitting there, eyes wide open but sound asleep; the porter was wiping the sills; the three-score waiter was standing just inside the door of the coffee-room; they all (except the half-century boy) seemed rather tense, but there was no outward excitement. It was very, very quiet—unnaturally quiet—except for a continual whine outdoors, and when that ceased the clerk remarked casually, "Well, they've gone again. I'll go and see what happened."

Dickens returned to his room, arranged his clothes, donned the magic vest, and then made his way to the street. It was getting light. He happened to glance overhead and there was one of those enormous mechanical birds just over the Royal Crescent—and several more in the near distance.

"What are they?" asked Dickens of a bystander.

"Can't you see—they're ours," was the growled reply.

Dickens at once realised that he had asked the obvious. He arrived at the Crescent and—but let us hear him tell it as he told it to Forster.

## III

MR. FORSTER: Wake up there! So you've come back. Tell me all about it.

MR. DICKENS (*not sure where he is*): Oh, dear me, I'm so hungry; I do wish I had one of those coupon things. Why didn't Peter send one of them with me? Oh! it's you, Forster! Did you bring the coupons? What? I'm back? Well, I didn't get about to see any of the things I really wanted to see. Why did Peter bring me back so soon?

MR. FORSTER: Well, Inimitable, Peter realised just after he transported you (if I may use that term) that he had forgotten your ration book containing the coupons you need to get food down here in these times—and so when you settled down for a rest after your walk about town, he brought you back. You know, you might have become very "mortal" if your hunger continued! It's all right for you as a novelist to have ghosts walking all over the place; but it is strictly against Peter's scheme of things; and it would have been embarrassing for him to have a real ghost discovered! Besides, Peter did not want to give Sir Oliver Lodge a chance to prove his theory. Tell me, Dickens, what did you see?

MR. DICKENS: Oh, Forster, those birds! Do you know what they really are? They used to talk about such things in our time. Tennyson wrote a poem predicting it, you recall. They are sky battleships! They travel under their own power, with a regular crew just like a ship; with guns and ammunition, and, worst of all, with enormous bombs which they drop. It's all a part of the war now going on. The Germans send their birds over our cities and try to blast the population into terror, and we send our birds over their cities. Horrible! Think of it, Forster, in front of No. 17 Royal Crescent—your remember the Royal Crescent?—Winkle ran a race there once when he was locked out in his night-shirt—well, Forster, in front of No. 17—that's the house where Pitman lived; he published his system of shorthand the same year that I published *Pickwick*——

MR. FORSTER (*impatiently*): Come, come, Dickens, tell me what *was* in front of No. 17.

MR. DICKENS: Just this, Forster. One of those enormous bombs dropped there and you can get no idea of its power and devastation. It left a crater so large that well, well you could easily tuck away most of that great thunderhead over there. Had the bomb landed on the Crescent itself there would be no Crescent. Of the Assembly Rooms only the outer wall remains—just a blackened shell. I was told another bomb was dropped in the row which contains the house where Sam Weller attended the footmen's "Swarry." Forster, I could never have believed it. I talked with bystanders and read some newspapers and they said that in one night a part of London was completely blown away. It really *is* true, isn't it? I really *did* go, didn't I? Or are you fooling me? Maybe I simply dreamed it!

MR. FORSTER: You really did go, Inimitable; but I certainly didn't expect this sort of report from you. It seems to me that your imagination has *really* lost its perspective. I am afraid Peter won't appreciate your exaggerations. Your powers of invention are certainly not waning. What stories you could still write! What a great story *Drood* could have been. Why did you ever leave that story half-finished for well-intentioned, but nevertheless presumptuous amateurs to pick about and try to finish? Tell me, Dickens, how was that story to end?

MR. DICKENS: I really don't know, Forster. I never did know the end of my stories until I got there myself. True, I had outlines, but I didn't follow them closely; the characters took hold of things and kept the ending a secret. My people always told me what they wanted to do, and apparently the folks in *Drood* weren't quite ready to let me know their plans.

MR. FORSTER: I always suspected as much.

MR. DICKENS: Tell me, Forster, where did Peter get that name for me ?

MR. FORSTER: He said he would tell us, let's call on him. But here he comes now.

ST. PETER: Oh, there you are ! I was hoping to meet you on my way.

MR. FORSTER: Yes, the Inimitable is returned, St. Peter. He wants to know where you got that name ; yes, Mr. Dickens has a report for you, although I do not think you are going to like it—his imagination is entirely out of bounds ; but first, we are both consumed with curiosity, where *did* you get that name ?

ST. PETER: You'll find it at the head of the first chapter of one of your books. I just reversed the spelling of the words. And now, Mr. Dickens, tell me about your being "Recalled to Life."

MR. DICKENS: I am too shocked. You wouldn't believe my story, St. Peter. Forster doesn't believe it. I saw and heard very little on earth, but even that little is far, far too much. I am so discouraged—men seem to have grown worse instead of better. Part of the beautiful city of Bath is a shambles. I heard that much of London is obliterated. So many of the old places all over the country that I saw and wrote about are gone. The Church with the clock that told David Copperfield the time is now a mere shell. Dr. Johnson's house is a pile of rubbish. Gog and Magog of the Guildhall were incinerated ; Thavies' Inn is no more. And Dover—think of it, the Dover of Betsey Trotwood is subjected day after day to the bombardment of long distance cannon from across the channel. There are more than donkeys to churn up the flower beds in Betsey's front garden these days. I was sickened by the little I saw and heard. I do not think I could stand more. It seems as though all England is doomed.

ST. PETER: Do not lose heart, Mr. Dickens. I knew all this before I gave permission for you to go. I am rather sorry now that I arranged it and am glad you are back. But, Mr. Dickens, there is one thing that will never be. No matter how much of England is wiped away in this awful conflict, there will always be an England ; it will always live in your books ! The world is more than ever indebted to you for those novels which you left as a heritage to all English-speaking people for all time to come !

*St. Peter slowly walks on. He has discipline to administer. It seems that Sam Weller has been behaving in a manner most undignified, and entirely inconsistent with the celestial code.*

## DARTLETS FROM ROSA

You know how ignorant I am, and that I only ask for information.

* * *

I want to be put right, if I am wrong.

* * *

Now, I know what to do ! That's the advantage of asking.

* * *

I had my doubts I confess, but now they're cleared up.

* * *

I didn't know, and now I do know, and that shows the advantage of asking—don't it ?

* * *

I am so stupid in these things.

* * *

Now, I am glad to know that ! I ask for information, and I am glad to know it.

I ask because I always want to be informed, when I am ignorant.

* * *

Oh ! I am glad to know that, because I always like to be put right when I am wrong.

* * *

O dear me, don't suppose that I think anything. I am not suspicious.

* * *

I only ask a question. I don't state any opinion. I want to found an opinion on what you tell me.

* * *

I want to know.

* * *

You must really bear with me, because I ask for information.

# WHAT THEY SAID

Floored for the present, but jolly. MARK TAPLEY.

A most unmitigated staggerer. DICK SWIVELLER.

What a blessed thing to be in the state of Natur! MR. SQUEERS.

Never leave off hoping, it don't answer. NEWMAN NOGGS.

Payments regular and no questions asked. MR. SQUEERS.

If I said lobsters, I meant oysters, it's all the same. MRS. NICKLEBY.

Anything for a quiet life. SAM WELLER.

We will not anticipate the decrees of fortune. MR. MICAWBER.

Pagan, I regret to say. MR. PECKSNIFF.

It's a mad world—mad as Bedlam. MR. DICK.

A person like myself had better not aspire. URIAH HEEP.

I'm gormed—and I can't say fairer than that. MR. PEGGOTTY.

Battledore and shuttlecock's a wery good game, vhen you ain't the shuttlecock, and two lawyers the battledores. SAM WELLER.

My life's a burden to me. If it wasn't for wengeance, I'd play at pitch and toss with it on the losing hazard. SIM TAPPERTIT.

The state of my feelings towards Miss Dombey is of that unspeakable description, that my heart is a desert island, and she lives in it alone.—P. TOOTS.

Things cannot be expected to turn up of themselves. We must in a measure assist them to turn up. MRS. MICAWBER.

I couldn't, no not if twenty times the quantity of cold water was aperiently running down my back this moment, go to bed with a quiet spirit. MISS MIGGS.

Repining is of no use. Of all fruitless errands, sending a tear to look after a day that is gone, is the most fruitless. RALPH NICKLEBY.

But the words she spoke . . . lambs could not forgive, nor worms forget. MRS. GAMP.

Corn may be gentlemanly, but it is not remunerative. MRS. MICAWBER.

If it wasn't for the nerve a little sip of liquor gives me, I never could go through with what I sometimes has to do. MRS. GAMP.

There's genteel comedy in your walk and manner, juvenile tragedy in your eye, and touch-and-go farce in your laugh. VINCENT CRUMMLES.

For though I can bear a great deal, I am not a camel, neither am I, if I know myself, a dromedary either. SUSAN NIPPER.

As you get vider, you'll get viser. Vidth and Visdom, alvays grows together. TONY WELLER.

Gone to the demmition bow-wows. MR. MANTALINI.

Do other men; for they would do you. That's the true business precept. All others are counterfeit. JONAS CHUZZLEWIT

I am but a poor woman and I earns my living hard; therefore I do require it, which I makes confession, to be brought reg'lar and drawed mild. MRS. GAMP.

The peculiarity of my friend is, that he is always waiting round the corner. MONTAGUE TIGG.

He wouldn't shy if he was to meet a vaggin-load of monkeys with their tails burnt off. OSTLER (P.P.).

He's a-havin' two mile o' danger at eightpence. SAM WELLER.

Energy and determination have done wonders many a time. RICHARD CARSTONE.

It's a devil of a thing when relations fall out and disagree. DICK SWIVELLER.

Regrets are the natural property of grey hairs. OLD MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.

It is clear that a family of six, not including a domestic, cannot live upon air. MRS. MICAWBER.

What a fine thing capital punishment is. Dead men never repent. FAGIN.

What a blessed thing it is, living in a wale, to be contented. MRS. GAMP.

Something will come of this. I hope it may not be human gore. SIM TAPPERTIT.

Surrounded by the lovely trophies of my art. MR. VENUS.

If I could poison that dear old lady's rum-and-water, I'd die happy. QUILP.

The bearings of this observation lays in the application of it. BUNSBY.

Nothing has an interest to me that is not scent. NADGETT.

Orange peel will be my death, or I'll be content to eat my own head. GRIMWIG.

This is about a London particular *now*, ain't it Miss? MR. GUPPY.

Did its mothers know the boxes when its fathers brought them home? TILLY SLOWBOY.

I make no protestations—who does, who means them? EUGENE WRAYBURN.

I expect a judgment shortly—on the Day of Judgment. MISS FLITE.

To single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort and for consolation. SERJT. BUZFUZ (FOR MRS. BARDELL).

Let us partake of the good things which are set before us. MR. CHADBAND.

I won't go so far as to say I've seen wax-work quite like life, but I've certainly seen some life that was exactly like wax-work. MRS. JARLEY.

You mustn't come into the place saying you want to know, you know. BARNACLE JUNR.

She will be a lovely widow. I will be a body. MR. MANTALINI.

I was a gentleman once. NEWMAN NOGGS.

The pain of parting is nothing to the joy of meeting again. NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

A alleybi's the thing to get him off. Nothing like a alleybi, nothing. TONY WELLER.

Fan the sinking flame of hilarity with the wing of friendship; and pass the rosy wine. DICK SWIVILLER.

Subdue your appetites my dears, and you've conquered human nature. MR. SQUEERS.

As true as taxes is. And nothing's truer than them. BARKIS.

# TWICE TWENTY-ONE

## THE FELLOWSHIP IN RETROSPECT

BY WALTER DEXTER

### I. INTRODUCTORY

WHEN the Dickens Fellowship came of age twenty-one years ago the late J. W. T. Ley wrote an admirable history for these pages.* He put on record all the salient facts about our society that were then necessary. Some reconstruction of the Fellowship had taken place a few years before and was working quite satisfactorily. Another world upheaval has since descended upon us, and although our Fellowship, builded well in the past, stands as firm almost as the fame of the writer it seeks to perpetuate, another reconstruction is inevitable, and in view of this, I have thought it well to dwell in retrospect on some of the past events in our history barely touched upon by Ley in his survey, in the hope that by so doing I shall not only interest the reader in some of the almost forgotten episodes in our career, but shall also be able to give a few pointers to those who will be carrying on ; for as the Fellowship was started and nurtured in its early years by an enthusiastic band of three or four men all under the age of forty, so now must the older ones who have valiantly held the fort in these most trying years give way to younger blood ; for they are in possession of a rich legacy ; a thoroughly sound society which it is their duty to uphold and maintain.

In the following retrospect I wish to dwell especially on the Fellowship's initial association with *Household Words* ; the unfortunate influence of the original shilling subscription ; the lax manner in which Branches were permitted to be formed ; the grandiose schemes entertained in the first few years and never brought to fruition ; and last, but (not unnaturally) not least, the peculiar position this magazine has always held with the general member.

The way of the Dickens Fellowship has by no means been a primrose path ; for many years it had a hard struggle for existence ; its early and somewhat phenomenal growth nearly led to premature decease ; but the age of twelve saw it eased of its growing pains ; even the first world war failed to set back the lusty youth ; it celebrated the first twenty-five years of its existence in 1927 ; and it is now of hearty middle age.

But what of those early infant days when the society was so carefully nurtured by Matz and a few others ? There had been hints of financial difficulties long before the first Annual Conference at Manchester in 1906. What were the causes ? What led to the establishment of Annual Conferences never thought of in the original plan ? How did the Fellowship eventually get so firmly planted on its feet that even two national cataclysms could not seriously injure it ?

That story has never been told ; but it is a story that should be told. Frankness may not have been possible with the earlier historians ; they were too near the events to feel confident or justified in giving the stark facts.

* * * * *

First let me make a personal note. Although I have been intimately and officially connected with the Dickens Fellowship for nearly thirty-nine years, I was not one of the original members. In this first portion of my retrospect I am recording the history of the first three years from material gathered from a careful study of the minute books, as they contain a sufficiently full record of transactions month by month (in some cases weekly) to make the record authentic and complete.

* *The Dickensian*, 1923, pp. 178-195.

The closing years of last century saw me in my leisure moments from work in a City office assailing the outer bastions of Fleet Street as a free lance complete with camera, then a novelty. I had met with a little success. Among my achievements were articles on Dickens in some of the monthly magazines. I was always scanning the bookstalls for a sight of new periodicals to which to offer my wares, and in January, 1905, saw the first number of *The Dickensian* displayed on Smith's bookstall at London Bridge Station. I bought a copy; was greatly impressed with it and with the idea of the Fellowship and the work it reported from its 31 Branches. There was no indication anywhere as to the method of becoming a member, so I wrote to the Editor, stating my qualifications, and asking how I might become a member. I received a very warm reply from Matz, who said he knew of my work—which was very gratifying—and told me the Fellowship was open to all without any question of election, on the payment of a subscription of at least one shilling per annum.

I enrolled, and attended the Birthday Celebration at the Memorial Hall on February 8th, there to hear the "Boz Club" (which had held the night previously a banquet in honour of Dickens) referred to by Harry Furniss as the House of Lords as compared with the House of Commons of the Dickens Fellowship, which brought forth a remonstrance from the President, Henry F. Dickens, who said that the Boz Club, of which he was also a member, could afford to exist without boasting of a superiority over the Fellowship! Rather cryptic remarks, I, as a stranger, thought; but significant, as I was to learn later. During the evening Henry F. Dickens recited "Mr. Chops the Dwarf"; and there were recitals by Bransby Williams, Frank Speaight, and Arthur Hayes; also speeches by the President, Canon Benham, Harry Furniss, and Arthur à Beckett. On the platform were three granddaughters of Dickens, and his sister-in-law, Georgina Hogarth. I was rather surprised, and very interested, to see the last-named lady, as in common with many people of the time, I was under the impression that it was she who was the cause of the estrangement between Dickens and his wife! Let me here add that when not long afterwards I became intimate with Matz I was assured by him that I was entirely wrong. "You have only to see the love and respect in which not only Henry F. Dickens and his wife hold her, but the fondness the daughters have for their Auntie to know that any suggestion of the kind is altogether out of place." I was to be confirmed in this by subsequent meetings with all the persons concerned.

The July, 1905, number of *The Dickensian* announced a proposal to establish a Dramatic Society, and asked those interested to communicate with the Hon. Secretary. The idea of joining such a society appealed to me, although I had not acted since school Speech Day many years before. I sent in my name and shortly received a notification that an organising meeting would be held on Monday, September 4th. The same letter contained a note to the effect that the Council was arranging a dinner at Carr's Restaurant on Saturday, September 2nd, to follow the meeting of branch secretaries, and they would be pleased if I would join them.

I was delighted to have this opportunity of meeting the officials of the Fellowship, and I have a vivid recollection of that evening, meeting for the first time, Matz, Ley, Allbut, Miller, Arthur Waugh, Teignmouth Shore, and others. I learned that one reason for inviting me was that they wanted somebody to take on the secretaryship of the dramatic section; there being no one on the Council willing to do so, they had to look outside. And so it was that at the Dramatic Society's first meeting the following Monday I was elected its Hon. Secretary. As the secretary of such an important branch of the

Fellowship's work should also be on the Council, I was duly nominated for that office, and elected at the Annual Meeting a month later. Since then I have held every possible office under the Fellowship and have rarely missed a Council Meeting.

## II. The Beginning of the Fellowship

Towards the end of 1901, Hall Caine, the novelist, then at the very height of his fame, started a new weekly penny periodical, and placed his younger son, Ralph, then nineteen years of age, in the editorial chair. Much publicity was thus obtained for "the youngest editor in the world," coupled with the fact that the new paper was called "Household Words," which in its original form (1850-1859) had been conducted by one of the most famous editors in the world ! There was no question of buying any rights in Dickens's famous periodical, as that had been dead over forty years, but Hall Caine, through his son, wished to carry on the old tradition, and knew he had a valuable asset even before he published the first number of a new series on January 25th, 1902.

Ralph Hall Caine, who, since leaving school some four years earlier, had served an apprenticeship in the printing and paper trades, was now adding to his knowledge by an active participation in the conduct of a popular weekly magazine. His father spared neither pains nor money to make the paper a success. Mr. J. S. Elias, (later Lord Southwood and the head of the great printing and publishing firm of Odhams) was the manager, and an enterprising journalist named Crotch was appointed assistant editor. It was he who wrote the introductory article in the first number of the new paper, referring to Dickens's association with the publication. He wanted, he wrote, the spirit of Dickens to breathe from the pages, so that every reader should feel that he was one of a great fellowship !

The following week's number contained a letter signed "A Working Man" suggesting the formation of a Dickens Fellowship. Years later it transpired that this was also the work of Crotch. This was a brilliant idea ; the formation of a society of Dickens lovers might prove a valuable asset to the paper. The idea, I believe, was quite new at that time, although it has since been used with great success by other periodicals. But in spite of all attempts to form such a society the readers of "Household Words" were very shy in joining the new scheme.

Dickens's name was kept well to the fore in the paper, and on June 14th, 1902, a special "Dickens Number" was issued containing a twelve page illustrated article on Dickens by B. W. Matz. Matz was then 37 years of age ; he was the town representative of Chapman and Hall, Dickens's publishers, and had already written for them a brochure, "Charles Dickens : Some Notes on his Life and Writings" (1901), and had lately contributed two articles on Dickens to "Literature."

But the idea of a Dickens Fellowship hung fire. Six months had passed since the formation of such a society had been mooted ; a good idea from the point of view of circulation and interest of the readers. I can hear the management complaining : "Couldn't something be done from outside, since the readers themselves do not appear to be over anxious to support the suggestion ?" "Couldn't Mr. Haslam do something ? he is the advertisement manager, and this is something in his line, surely." Mr. Haslam said he would see what he could do, although he didn't very well know how, if the editorial department had failed to rouse sufficient interest. He was not actually on the staff of the paper ; he and his brother, Arthur, were in business together at 115 Fleet Street as advertising agents,

and one of their particular clients was "Household Words." It is well to remember this as "on the staff" plays an important part in subsequent events. Matz, as an outside contributor of one article, was later also referred to as "on the staff."*

Haslam toyed with the idea, but nothing was done, until one day he happened to meet Matz in Fleet Street. "Look here," he said, "you know something about Dickens!" Matz modestly admitted that he did; he had been busy all the day putting on the market for his firm a new edition (the "Biographical"), as Dickens was just beginning to boom after the neglect of a couple of decades. "You know 'Household Words'?" Of course he did; Hall Caine's effort to make his son shine by reflected glory; hadn't Haslam seen his own article in the special Dickens number a few weeks back? Of course he had, and that brought him to the matter he had on his mind; did he remember the suggestion of the formation of a society of Dickens lovers which had several times been referred to in its pages? He did; but nothing had ever come of it. "That's just the point," said Haslam, "something ought to come of it; here is a revival of Dickens's old paper, 'Household Words,' serialising 'The Eternal City,' by Hall Caine, going very well indeed—the demand for Hall Caine is as great as any demand for Dickens—and here are you telling me there is a boom in Dickens and two new editions now on the market. There's room for a society devoted to Dickens; a Dickens Fellowship, as has been suggested. It should be in both our interests to see such a society in existence; will you help to get it going?" Matz would not commit himself; he could see the great benefits that would accrue to "Household Words" by the formation of such a society, but he did not see how that would in any way help to sell Dickens's books. He promised to think it over. This conversation occurred at about the end of July; over the week-end Matz not only thought the matter over, but gradually became quite possessed with the idea of a great world-wide Fellowship open to all. None knew better than he how the novels of Dickens circulated in all parts of the world, and the tens of thousands of books from 6*d*. to 7*s*. 6*d*. which his firm was selling in increasing quantities every year. Dickens the great humanist; the lord of laughter and of tears, beloved by young and old, rich and poor alike. Yes, it was a grand idea. Dickens lovers should be banded together to exchange ideas, to discuss the problems that had interested Dickens and which still cried out for reform; a society with world-wide membership not confined by any class, creed, or colour; a society to give a helping hand to the poor and distressed; he called to mind the ambition of Dickens as expressed to Forster soon after his sojourn in Italy:

> "To leave one's hand upon the time, lastingly upon the time, with one tender touch for the mass of toiling people that nothing can obliterate, would be to lift oneself above the dust of all the Doges in their graves, and stand upon a giant staircase that Samson could not overthrow."

Something of this sort must have been in the mind of the "Working Man" when he wrote that letter suggesting a Dickens Fellowship . . . . .

And there and then he jotted down the Aims and Objects, which have ever since been the basis of our society.†

* According to a Bibliography of B. W. Matz by his daughter, published in *The Dickensian*, 1925, pp. 196-8, this article, "Charles Dickens, the Founder of this Journal," was the only article ever contributed by him to *H.W.* before he commenced to edit the Dickens page after the founding of the Fellowship.

† It has been stated on more than one occasion that the list of "Aims and Objects of the Fellowship" which Matz drew up and presented to the first meeting, have remained unchanged ever since, in spite of the many changes made in the Rules during the first 17 years of the Fellowship's existence. This is not quite correct. I find that only

*Continued at foot of next page*

He called on Haslam the following week, full of enthusiasm, and suggested that the proper course to adopt was to call a meeting of Dickens lovers for the purpose they had in mind; the publicity that H.W. could give the matter should ensure a large attendance. Then they passed on their views and conclusions to the "Household Words" office.

The meeting of which notice had been given in "Household Words" was held at Anderton's Hotel on October 6th, 1902. The room was crowded to capacity with a very enthusiastic audience of close on five hundred people of both sexes, including many well-known admirers of the author. Matz had written to Henry F. Dickens, the only surviving son then living in England, informing him of the meeting and its intention, but had received no reply. Consequently Percy Fitzgerald, as the only person present who had intimate association with Dickens, was invited to take the chair, and later in the proceedings was unanimously elected President for the first year; Hall Caine, who had also been proposed, promising to stand for the office the following year. He was, however, elected among the first Vice-Presidents. Matz, who had held the office *pro tem*, was elected Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, and a provisional committee of twelve appointed "to frame a set of rules to govern the Fellowship."

It is not surprising to find that no less than six of these twelve were closely connected with "Household Words." They were probably the only people present who knew one another! They were J. S. Elias (the manager), E. P. Haslam (advertising manager), A. S. Mallet (publisher), G. Ralph Hall Caine (editor), C. C. Turner, and C. Askew.

This committee set to work at once. They met several times at the office of "Household Words" in Whitefriars Street, and at a special meeting of members a fortnight later, again held at Anderton's Hotel, the rules were passed with a few unimportant amendments. The twelve members of the provisional committee were elected to form the Council, and their number increased to twenty-two; included here was W. W. Crotch, the assistant editor of "Household Words." James Sutherland, the cashier, was elected Hon. Treasurer, to relieve Matz of that portion of his work. Thus two more "Household Words" men were added to the Committee, or Council as it now became.

## III. Trouble with "Household Words"

### I

Everything appears to have worked harmoniously for the first few months. Membership increased to a surprising extent; branches were formed in London and elsewhere; dinners to poor children were given in many districts. But on the horizon there was a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, the portent of an impending storm. It lay somewhere over the "Household Words" office, and was a case of history repeating itself. All familiar with the life of Dickens know of the

the first two were so submitted. They were:

(*a*) *To knit together in a common bond of friendship lovers of that great master of humour and pathos, Charles Dickens.*

(*b*) *To combine in spreading that love of humanity which is the keynote of all his work.*

The third paragraph was not inserted until the third meeting of the provisional committee, and then it was proposed by Mallett and seconded by Elias. This read:

(*c*) *To take such measures as may be expedient to remedy or ameliorate, as far as lies in its power, those existing social evils which would have appealed so strongly to the heart of Charles Dickens, and to help in every possible direction the cause of the poor and the distressed.*

The last paragraph—

(*d*) *To assist in the preservation and purchase of buildings and objects associated with his name and mentioned in his works*—

was not in the first printed list of rules at all, but appeared for the first time in 1903.

unfortunate disruption between Dickens and his publishers, Bradbury and Evans (partners with him in the weekly publication, "Household Words"); how in consequence of it Dickens forced a sale by auction of the property, purchased it himself, and then discontinued the publication of the paper. Forty-four years later a revived "Household Words" again had trouble over Dickens—this time with its offspring, the Dickens Fellowship.

The full story has never before been told. It began in May, 1903, when the Fellowship was not eight months old. Hall Caine wrote a letter to Matz alleging that he was "guilty of committing a breach of the constitution of the Fellowship in keeping the roll of members at his private residence instead of at headquarters, 8 Whitefriars Street."

Matz explained to the Council that it was impossible for him to carry on his work as Hon. Secretary unless the roll of members and the books were at home, as it was done in his spare time and after the office in Whitefriars Street was closed. The matter was thoroughly discussed and the following resolution passed: "That the list of members should be accessible to the officers of the Fellowship, and to them only for the purposes of the Fellowship, and that the Hon. Secretary should have the custody thereof."

This was duly communicated to Hall Caine (a copy of Matz's letter is preserved in the minute book) with the following note:

"In regard to your statement that a compact was made between you and me to the effect that the roll should be deposited at headquarters, I must say that I gave no such undertaking. Indeed I have always maintained that such an arrangement could never be possible so far as I was concerned, as practically all the work is done at my private residence between the hours of 8 and 12 in the evening. I am not aware that I have in any way failed to fulfil 'the conditions of the constitution of the society.'" Ralph Hall Caine was present at the meeting, also Crotch, Elias, Sutherland, and Turner. It is interesting to note that Turner seconded the resolution concerning the custody of the roll, quoted above.

Nothing more appears on the Minutes in regard to this matter, but next month there was a move on the part of the Council to obtain larger publicity in the pages of "Household Words." A monthly supplement was proposed, in which meetings would be reported in full. But the proprietors could not see their way to do this unless the Fellowship ordered from 10,000 to 15,000 copies of each such number—which they in turn were not in a position to undertake.

Ralph Caine and others of the "Household Words" staff were present at the meeting on June 17th at which this was reported. At the same meeting it was decided to revise the Rules of the Fellowship to suit the needs of the fast-growing society, especially as regards the subscription and the appointment of a Finance Committee to control the accounts, and some discussion took place, with adjournments to July 1st and 6th. At these two meetings nearly all the "Household Words" men were present, but not Ralph Caine.

It seems strange that with such a strong provisional committee at the Fellowship's inception a better set of rules was not drawn up. There was no provision in them as to the manner in which they could be revised or altered from time to time. However, at the next meeting, July 6th, to Rule 6 regarding Headquarters of the Dickens Fellowship which stated they "shall be at 8 Whitefriars Street, E.C.," it was proposed to add "or elsewhere, as the Council may determine"; and to Rule 12, stating that "Household Words" "shall be the organ of the Dickens Fellowship," it was proposed to add the words "or any such other publication as may be found desirable."

A new rule was also framed giving power to the Annual Meeting, or any Special General Meeting, to amend, cancel, or add to the rules. Crotch, Mallet, and Turner were the only " Household Words " people at the later meeting on July 6th when amendments to these particular rules were proposed.

Trouble may have already been brewing in the " Household Words " office. Ralph Caine was not present at the two last meetings in July, but as a member of the Council he could have obtained information from the Hon. Secretary as to what had taken place ; he does not seem to have done so. He appears to have heard only half the story, and possibly believed that steps were being taken to alienate the Fellowship from his paper. He then took a rather remarkable step ; he ceased to insert the Dickens Fellowship page in his paper. This was strange ; the connection with the Fellowship was a profitable one to " Household Words," as his later actions would seem to prove. Matz, as editor of that page, wrote to enquire the reason ; the letter in reply appears to have borne two dates, July 28th and August 6th. Unfortunately neither letter has been preserved, and we have only the bare record in the Minute Book.

## II

There was no meeting of the Council during August, the holiday month, and on September 2nd the next meeting was held " at Mr. Haslam's office, 115 Fleet Street, E.C.", when Matz read the correspondence that had passed between him and " the registered proprietor, Mr. Ralph Hall Caine," arising out of a letter in which he had asked why " Household Words " had ceased to insert the Fellowship page as hitherto. The minute goes on to say that " Mr. R. H. Caine took exception to the manner the page was conducted, remarking that it was either due to journalistic inexperience and incompetence or a malicious desire to try the patience of the readers of ' Household Words,' and intimated that he believed the Secretary had the interest of the Fellowship sincerely at heart until captured by other influences." He also accused the Secretary of being associated with other officers in a traitorous movement to sever the connection of " Household Words " and the Dickens Fellowship, and he consequently forbade the further use of his offices, and stated that the appearance of the page in his paper should fail at that date. He spoke of " a few clamourous persons who having ceased to be connected with the paper now wish to vent their spleen on their former associates."

This letter has unfortunately not been preserved, but according to a later printed document, one paragraph of it read as follows :

" Having ascertained that the Council of the Fellowship, instead of devoting themselves to the business for which they were appointed as set out in the Rules, have recently accepted the courtesy of this office, and in return have devoted themselves to matters outside their functions with the ulterior purpose of severing the connection of the Fellowship and ' Household Words.' I now beg to intimate that I have forbidden such further use of these offices by you, and those associated with you in this traitorous movement."

A further letter—preserved in the minutes—from Ralph Caine, read at his request at the General Meeting of October 16th, shows that four members of the " Household Words " staff on the Council of the Dickens Fellowship had ceased their connection with the paper, and one was a litigant against it. Who these four were is not stated, but it is evident that Crotch and Haslam were among them.

The Council adopted a very dignified attitude. On the proposition by Crotch, seconded by Snowden Ward, it was resolved " That this

Council places on record its opinion that the statements of Mr. Ralph H. Caine contained in his letter are both unjustifiable and untrue, and that the Secretary be instructed to send to Mr. Ralph H. Caine a copy of the following resolution:

" ' That this meeting of the Council of the Dickens Fellowship having heard read the letter of Mr. Ralph H. Caine, the registered proprietor of " Household Words," dated July 28th and August 6th, in which charges were brought against this Council, hereby denies the right of Mr. Ralph H. Caine to interfere with the deliberations of this Council, but accepts the situation which his letter has created, namely, that the offices of " Household Words " shall no longer be used either as the headquarters of the Fellowship or as the meeting place of this Council, and that the journal, " Household Words," shall no longer be regarded as the official organ of the Dickens Fellowship.' "

The reply of Mr. Ralph H. Caine is copied into the minute book; it is a remarkable document. He denied that he had refused the use of his office to the Council of the Dickens Fellowship; he also stated that he had not terminated the relations of the Fellowship with " Household Words," and added, " I hold myself at liberty to take such action as I am advised may be necessary against you, or against any individual, whether member of the Council or not, who adopts or aids and abets in any measure regarding the alienation of the relations of ' Household Words ' and the Fellowship calculated to injure my interests or property through the Fellowship."

The Council decided to make no reply to this letter, but to seek Counsel's advice on the legality of altering the rules in the manner already decided upon by the Council some months back.

At the next meeting on September 16th, Crotch reported that he had consulted Counsel, who gave the opinion " that the Dickens Fellowship was vested in ' Household Words.' " However, as Crotch did not feel the opinion was final, a small committee was formed to consult a firm of solicitors and to act on their advice.

A week later the solicitors' advice was recorded in the minutes. They were of opinion that the members were perfectly justified in altering their rules at a properly convened annual meeting; that any action taken by a minority could not be upheld; and that " Household Words," having refused its columns to the Dickens Fellowship as it originally agreed to do, the society would be under no legal liability if it appointed another journal in its place. The solicitors also stated that whilst " Household Words " could seek to obtain from the courts an injunction to restrain any other journal from publishing matter relating to the affairs of the Dickens Fellowship, such action was not likely to be successful.

The Committee thereupon established new headquarters at Whitcomb House, Whitcomb Street, Pall Mall East, and from that address issued on September 29th a 24-page Annual Report and summoned the first Annual Meeting for Friday, October 16th, 1903, at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Road.

The Report gave a very full account of the first year's work of the Council in London and of the sixteen branches that had been started in the provinces; audited Balance Sheets of the Fellowship, the Dickens Exhibition, and of the Dinners Fund. The new rules were submitted for confirmation. A note in the report said that in framing the original rules, " like our friend, Sam Weller, our ' wision ' was limited. But a solid year's experience has taught us much and enlarged our outlook. Consequently, there are many things we provided for only in a tentative manner which require a firmer handling, and many others we overlooked which it is necessary to set right for the better administration and welfare of the Fellowship."

III

For the meeting the Fellowship was fortunate in having so able and experienced a chairman as Alderman Sir William P. Treloar. After an address by the President, Percy Fitzgerald, the Chairman suggested that the matter of the rules should be dealt with *ad seriatim*. The first five rules passed with only a slight verbal alteration to one of them. Then came Rule 6 dealing with the subscription; the next rule was that defining the location of Headquarters. At this point Mr. Ralph Hall Caine rose to make an objection, saying "the Council had no authority from the chief body of the Fellowship to alter its rules."

The Chairman gave it as his ruling "that members of the Fellowship had a perfect right to consider their rules whenever they liked to meet together for that purpose."

Whereupon Mr. Caine pointed out that the rules as originally passed contained no clause empowering the society to change them, and the Council were proceeding to do something they had no right to do.

The Chairman again ruled "that the meeting was empowered to do anything which it chose to do."

A member then proposed "That Mr. Ralph Caine be no longer heard." This does not appear to have been seconded; but a certain Mr. Harris supported Mr. Caine's contention. This led to the Chairman remarking that "the members of the Fellowship were the rulers of its own conduct; the minority would be heard, but must be content with the majority having their own way. No society could be conducted in any other way."

This was a very wise and sensible statement, and the business of amending and passing the rules proceeded until Rule 12 was reached. This referred to the organ of the Fellowship. At this point Crotch, as Chairman of the Council, made a brief statement commenting on an unfortunate dispute which had arisen between "Household Words" and the Council, so that "it was considered advisable that 'Household Words' should not continue to represent the Fellowship." He stated, however, that if the meeting wished, the whole of the correspondence would be put before them.

At this point occurred a really Pickwickian incident. A Mr. T. Smith said he considered the action of the Council to be cowardly, at which the Chairman remonstrated. A note in the minutes adds the information that "the Secretary has since referred to the roll of members and has been unable to find that particular gentleman's name recorded there."

Then followed some discussion on what periodical would be suitable to be appointed the official organ, and then Mr. Ralph Hall Caine expressed a desire that a letter which he had put into the hands of the Chairman, should be read, and on the invitation of the Chairman, Mr. Caine read his letter addressed to the President, Percy Fitzgerald; the original of this is attached to the minute book.

It is a long letter, but the main points may be tabulated thus:

1. The idea of a Dickens Fellowship was first conceived by "Household Words."

2. The first meeting was convened by "Household Words" "and the persons who organised and arranged and carried the meeting through were paid members of the 'Household Words' staff."

3. Among the first officers of the Dickens Fellowship were these members of "Household Words" staff: "The Chairman of the Council was the advertising agent of 'Household Words'; the Treasurer was the cashier of 'Household Words'; three of its members were manager and assistant editors of 'Household Words,' and its Secretary was already the paid contributor of the paper."

4. The editorial office of the paper was the headquarters of the Dickens Fellowship, and "most of the new members, if not all, were gained through the agency" of "Household Words."

5. "At various periods since the date of the first meeting of the Dickens Fellowship, four of these gentlemen have ceased to be members of the staff of 'Household Words,' and at least two of them are at this moment in open antagonism to the paper and one of them was, until a few days ago, in a position of a litigant against it."

6. "For some time past it has been my settled conviction, whether rightly or wrongly, that these two former servants of 'Household Words' were using efforts to sever the Dickens Fellowship from the journal which has established it, and on July 28th, 1903, to give expression to my feeling in this regard, I dismissed the Secretary as a paid contributor of the paper, and denied the Chairman of Council admission to my premises."*

7. "As a consequence of my protest against their conduct these two gentlemen, acting on their own initiative, contrary to the Rules, have called meetings of the Council at other places . . . and taken it upon themselves to announce that 'Household Words' has ceased to be the official organ of the Fellowship, and that its offices are no longer headquarters."

8. Although the members would agree that the Dickens Fellowship owed something to "Household Words," he made no request that "Household Words" should continue to be its official organ. Matz and Haslam are accused of "being disloyal to the journal which founded the Fellowship and are now deliberately attempting to over-ride its laws and alter its constitution." "I cannot allow it to go out that 'Household Words' has been separated from the Fellowship which it first called into being, from any cause but what I believe to be the disloyalty of its former servants whom it first nominated to their present official positions."

On the conclusion of the reading, Snowden Ward, stating that he was one of the majority of the Council who were never on the staff of "Household Words," pointed out that the difficulty began when the action of the members of the Council was referred to as being disloyal to "Household Words." He considered that their actions should only be considered loyal or disloyal with regard to the Dickens Fellowship. The whole dispute turned upon the point, whether the Council were or were not organised for the improvement of "Household Words" or for the work of the Dickens Fellowship; whether the Council had been formed to carry on the work of the society or to increase the circulation of "Household Words." This put the whole matter in a nutshell; and the incident terminated.

The Dickens Fellowship had asserted its right to be a separate society, and had earned its freedom.

## IV

But Mr. Ralph Hall Caine would not let the matter rest; in "Household Words" for October 31st appeared an article on the recent events — of course from his own point of view. At the meeting in November a member drew attention to this article and said that although a certain amount of information had been given at the Annual Meeting a month before, the average member was very much in the dark, and would somebody give them the full facts of the case? This was done by W. W. Crotch.

Unfortunately this article is not to be found in the book of press

* The Secretary, Matz, here very rightly notes in the margin "How could he dismiss a man never in his employ!!!!"

cuttings carefully kept throughout the whole life of the Fellowship, and more unfortunately still the file of "Household Words" at the British Museum has been destroyed by enemy action. If any reader possesses a copy we should like to hear of it. The statement of the Chairman was printed for circulation to any member on application; a copy has been preserved in the Matz Collection and has been utilised in writing this account of a series of events which might well have killed the Fellowship almost at its birth.

* * * * *

This trouble had three interesting sequels. The first a few months later, when Crotch, having been refused access to the roll for the purpose of circularising the members on a matter on which he was at variance with the Council, resigned from the Fellowship, not to return for several years. The other two were of a much more pleasant nature. When Matz died in 1925 Sir Hall Caine (as he then had become) gave an address at the Memorial Service at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; and a few years later, on the occasion of the marriage of Matz's younger daughter, Christine, Mr. Ralph Hall Caine proposed the health of the bride at the wedding reception!

## THE ENGLISH NOVEL ON PARADE

A CAVALCADE is properly a procession of riders mounted on horseback, but among journalists it has recently been used as a synonym for any procession, and apparently Mr. Edward Wagenknecht uses it also for a survey or passing in review.

I do not know if his new book, "Cavalcade of the English Novel" (New York: Henry Holt & Company) is to find an English publisher in these difficult times, but it well deserves to do so, for it compresses into one volume of six hundred pages all the essentials of the great work of the late Professor E. A. Baker, which had already reached several volumes when the war put an end to his work. Our readers will remember the infinite care with which Professor Wagenknecht documented his "The Man, Charles Dickens," and will find the same thoroughness in the present book; and will revel in the chapters devoted to Surtees, Marryat, and Peacock, who preceded Dickens, no less than in the chapters devoted to "The Disciples of Dickens," "Counter-blast; W. M. Thackeray," "Anthony Trollope," "The Brontës," "George Eliot," and "Meredith." There is an admirable appendix of "nineteenth and twentieth century novelists not considered in the text," from which, however, we miss some names, particularly Grant Allen, who startled the late Victorians in 1895 with "The Woman Who Did," Edna Lyall, B. L. Farjeon, John Strange Winter, and W. J. Locke.

By the way, the editor of this magazine must deny the compliment paid him in the Preface that he had read the proofs of the section on Dickens; otherwise he would have enlightened the author as to the reason why Edith Dombey ran away with Carker, which he thinks puzzles the reader. But, after all, why cavil when so much richness is set before us?

## FIFTY DOUBLE QUESTIONS

What were the occupations of the following and in what books did they appear?

1. Lenville.
2. Pecksniff.
3. Sapsea.
4. Bounderby.
5. Sweedlepipe.
6. Brogley.
7. Dr. Marigold.
8. Groffin.
9. Bucket.
10. Doyce.
11. Toodle.
12. Browdie.
13. Pickleson.
14. Tuggs.
15. Blotton.
16. Dennis.
17. Mrs. Bedwin.
18. Akerman.
19. Stareleigh.
20. Grig.
21. Billickin.
22. Willet.
23. Snagsby.
24. Spenlow.
25. Varden.
26. Nupkins.
27. Cruncher.
28. Dombey.
29. Witherden.
30. Mrs. Bangham.
31. Wopsle.
32. Mrs. Miff.
33. Bulph.
34. Plornish.
35. Fagin.
36. Potterson.
37. Grub.
38. Vuffin.
39. Cly.
40. Durdles
41. Trabb.
42. Chitling.
43. Chivery.
44. Creakle.
45. Plummer.
46. Kenwigs.
47. Sowerberry.
48. Smallweed, Senr.
49. Hexam.
50. Hubble.

*(Answers will be printed in the next Number.)*

# A NEW DICKENS BIBLIOGRAPHY

## *NICHOLAS NICKLEBY*

AGREEMENT. November 18th, 1837, with Chapman and Hall, in the Widener Library, Harvard University.

WRITTEN. Commenced February 7th, 1838, at Doughty Street, continued at Devonshire Terrace and Broadstairs. Ended there on September 20th, 1839.

MANUSCRIPT. Chapter 9 in the Dickens House. Chapters 10, 15-17, 20 in U.S.A. Preface, Cheap Edition, 1848, in Forster Collection, Victoria and Albert Museum.

ILLUSTRATIONS. Thirty-nine, by Hablot K. Browne (Phiz) and Portrait of Dickens by Maclise as frontispiece.

DEDICATED to Macready. Inscribed presentation copy in library of Count de Suzannet.

PUBLISHED by Chapman and Hall in monthly numbers from April, 1838, to October, 1839, price one shilling each (for facsimile of cover design see next page), and in one volume, October, 1839 (for facsimile title page see below).

NEW PREFACE in the Cheap Edition (5*s*.) dated May, 1848.

The original publication in 19 numbers with green wrappers and advertisements, is scarce and expensive. The bound volumes as issued by the publishers, cloth (21*s*.), half morocco with marbled edges (24*s*. 6*d*.), and full morocco with gilt edges (26*s*.) are also scarce; less expensive are the numbers bound in various styles by the purchasers. Buyers of these should take care that the collation agrees with that given below. The Cheap Edition of 1848 is worth collecting for the new preface.

THE

LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHIZ.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

MDCCCXXXIX.

### SPECIAL NOTES FOR THE FIRST EDITION

Date MDCCCXXXIX on title page, see accompanying illustration. No illustrated title page.

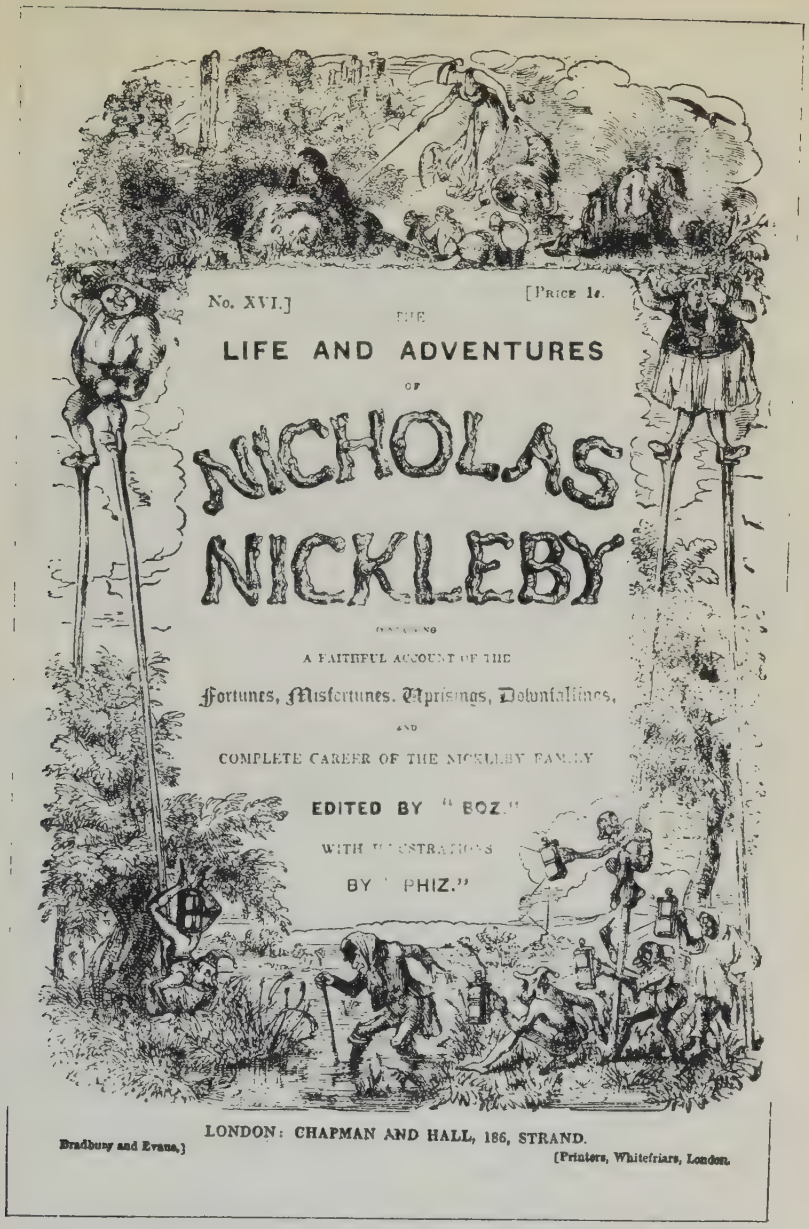
In volume form, publishers' green cloth, half morocco with marbled edges, or full morocco with gilt edges. Collation: Half-title; frontispiece, Maclise's portrait of Dickens; Dedication to W. C. Macready, one leaf; Preface, two leaves; Contents, two leaves; List of Plates, one leaf. The story then follows on pages 1 to 624, with 39 illustrations on separate plates.

The earliest impressions contain the following errors:

Page 123, line 17, "visiter" instead of "sister."

Page 160, 6 lines from bottom, "latter" instead of "letter."

Plate facing page 248, word "in" omitted after "Smike" in the caption.




The above is a reproduction of Phiz's design for the green cover of each of the nineteen monthly numbers published between April, 1838, and October, 1839. Each part bears its number in Roman numerals, but no date. Each number contains 32 pages, and two illustrations by Phiz on plate paper; also advertisement pages which varied from time to time. The price of each was one shilling, the last number (marked XIX and XX) was a double one (price two shillings) and contained the frontispiece, title-page, and all preliminary matter (see collation on opposite page).

# DICKENS QUOTATIONS FOR THE TIMES

SELECTED BY M. K. BRADBY

CRUELTY AND OPPRESSION.

"Trust me . . . I will pursue cruelty and oppression, the enemies of all God's creatures of all codes and creeds, so long as I have the energy of thought and the power of giving it utterance."

*Letter* (April 8th, 1841).

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

"As far as I know, nowhere in this country is there so complete an absence of servility to mere rank, to mere position, to mere riches as in a public school. A boy there is always what his abilities or his personal qualities make him. We may differ about the curriculum and other matters, but of the frank, free, manly, independent spirit preserved in our public schools I apprehend there can be no kind of question."

*Speech in London*, 1864.

NEGLECTED CHILDREN.

[A little crowd of neglected children patter in the mud among demolished buildings hard by Temple Bar and a policeman disperses them.]

"I looked at him, and I looked about at the disorderly traces in the mud . . . and this speculation came over me: If this mud could petrify at this moment, and could lie concealed here for ten thousand years, I wonder whether the race of men then to be our successors on the earth could, from these or any marks, by the utmost force of the human intellect, unassisted by tradition, deduce such an astounding inference as the existence of a polished state of society that bore with the public savagery of neglected children in the streets of its capital city, and was proud of its power by sea and land, and never used its power to seize and save them!"

*On an Amateur Beat*, *Uncommercial Traveller*, 1869.

INTERNATIONAL COMMUNITY.

"Our Household Words will not be echoes of the present time alone, but of the past too. Neither will they treat of the hopes, the enterprises, triumphs, joys, and sorrows, of this country only, but, in some degree, of those of every nation upon earth. For nothing can be a source of real interest in one of them, without concerning all the rest."

*A Preliminary Word*, *Household Words*, 1850.

NEED FOR POLITICAL ACTION.

". . . Cheap pure water in unlimited quantity, wholesome air, constraint upon little landlords like our Westminster friends to keep their property decent under the heaviest penalties, efficient drainage and such alterations in building acts as shall preserve open spaces in the closest regions, and make them where they are not now. A worthless Government which is afraid of every little interest and trembles before the vote of every dust contractor, will never do these things for them or pay the least sincere attention to them, until they are made election questions and working-people unite to express their determination to have them, or to keep out of Parliament by every means in their power, every man who turns his back upon these first necessities."

*Letter* to Baroness Burdett Coutts, October 26th, 1854.

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## ANSWERS TO WHERE FOUND

(See page 44)

1, O.M.F., I, 4; 2, O.C.S., 18; 3, G.E., 12; 4, P.P., 38; 5, L.D., I, 9; 6, P.P., 32; 7, B.R., 8; 8, D.S., 22; 9, O.C.S., 19; 10, B.H., 14; 11, T.T.C., II, 1; 12, M.C., 49; 13, L.D., I, 10; 14, D.S., 2; 15, O.T., 31; 16, O.M.F., IV, 12; 17, M.C., 40; 18, M.C., 5; 19, P.P., 32; 20, O.C.S., 19; 21, D.S., 7; 22 U.T., 12; 23, H.T., III, 6; 24, D.S., 23; 25, P.P., 15; 26, M.C., 22; 27, O.C.S., 18; 28 O.M.F., I, 11; 29, G.E., 7; 30, O.M.F., IV, 4; 31, G.E., 46; 32, D.S., 41; 33, O.M.F., I, 2; 34, E.D., 5; 35, B.H., 4; 36, E.D., 5; 37, O.M.F., II, 5; 38, D.C., 44; 39, B.H. 14; 40, O.M.F., I, 5; 41, L.D., II, 3; 42, P.P., 5; 43, M.C., 25; 44, O.M.F., I, 12; 45, D.C., 14; 46, O.M.F., II, 9; 47, P.P., 33; 48, D.C., 63; 49, N.N., 11; 50, O.M.F., IV, 4.

# NOTES ON *BLEAK HOUSE*

By T. W HILL

## INTRODUCTORY

*Bleak House* deals with Law—Chancery Law—with a capital L, and the London scenes are nearly all within a half-mile radius from Chancery Lane. The period is the early thirties of the nineteenth century as can be seen from Chapter LV where there is a reference to the new railway then in course of construction ; a newly-opened railway was also the means of enabling us to fix the date of *Dombey and Son*. It was evidently a favourite period with Dickens as it was also the period of *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby*. It was probably the period that he knew best as he was then about twenty-five years of age and at the height of his descriptive powers. It was a time of upheaval and unrest in English social life and the pictures he draws of the various strata of the population that he knew are invaluable to the student of our social evolution.

The Notes that follow will, it is hoped, help the modern reader, especially the young and rising generation for whom the early nineteenth century is as remote (comparatively) as the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries, to form some idea of the changes that have occurred in England during the last hundred years. The Notes do not pretend to be encyclopædic, nor are they a mere glossary ; the meanings and derivations of words, as such, can be found in any good dictionary. Many of the explanations given are from personal recollections ; for many of them the compiler is indebted to experts in various matters who have very kindly assisted to make the elucidations authoritative.

Topographical notes deal only with a London that is past ; the damage suffered by the Metropolis in the Battle of Britain in 1940-41 has for present purposes been ignored, except in one or two special instances.

### Chapter I

1. LINCOLN'S INN HALL. Built 1489-91 ; now called The Old Hall as the accommodation for dining proving inadequate for modern requirements, the present New Hall was erected in 1842-45. The High Court of Chancery (one of the three divisions of the High Court of Justice) sat in Westminster Hall from the time of William Rufus until the Law Courts, designed by Sir John Soane in 1824, were built on the western side of the Hall. About the middle of the eighteenth century the Court of Chancery sat at Lincoln's Inn Hall after term-time, and this arrangement continued until 1882 when the new Law Courts (or to give it the official title, The Royal Courts of Justice) were opened and all the various divisions of the Supreme Court of Judicature were centralised in one building. Dickens opens *Bleak House* by saying : " Michaelmas Term lately over and the Lord Chancellor sitting in Lincoln's Inn Hall." In Chapter LXV we read : " The term had commenced . . . It was at Westminster that the Cause was to come on."

2. HOLBORN HILL. The descent from Holborn to the Fleet River (Holborn Bridge). It disappeared when the valley was bridged by Holborn Viaduct, opened in 1869.

3. BLINKERS. Square leather shields attached to a horse's bridle close to his eyes to prevent him from looking sideways and perhaps shying. Largely discontinued early in this century owing to the influence of the R.S.P.C.A. Some examples can sometimes be seen on farm-horses.

4. GREENWICH PENSIONERS. These men wore a navy-blue frock coat and a large three-cornered hat. Greenwich Hospital was disestablished in 1869 as an asylum for seamen, the pensioners receiving an allowance in lieu of residence and clothes.

5. LEADEN-HEADED OBSTRUCTION. Temple Bar, built 1672, had become, with the increase of horse and carriage traffic, an obstruction in the narrow roadway where the Strand and Fleet Street join. It was removed in 1878.

6. LANTERN. This is still in the roof of the Hall, and replaces the original louvre used aforetime for the escape of smoke from a central fireplace, the foundations of which still exist below the floor.

7. ENDLESS CAUSE. Percy Fitzgerald says in his " Bozland " (1895) that the cause Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce was well known to be founded on a real suit relating to the property of a certain Jennings who died in 1798. That case was in the Courts in 1878, eighty years after the death of the original

owner. The case of Gridley is also founded on fact; see Dickens's Preface and Forster's *Life*, Book VII, Chap. 1.

8. GOAT-HAIR AND HORSE-HAIR. The finer wigs of Judges and King's Counsel are made of goat-hair; those of barristers and others of horse-hair.

9. MATTED WELL. The well or floor of the Court was covered with cocoanut matting.

10. TRUTH AT THE BOTTOM OF IT. The saying that Truth lies at the bottom of a well is as old as Democritus: "Of truth we know nothing, for truth is in a well," and has been used in various disguises ever since. Cicero quotes it in his Academics: "Naturam accusa, quæ in profundo veritatem, ut ait Democritus, penitus abstrusoris."

11. RETICULE. A netted (*i.e.* reticulated) bag for carrying on the arm or in the hand, to serve the purpose of a pocket. It was intended originally only for light articles.

12. PAPER MATCHES. Short strips of thin cardboard or thick paper tipped with an inflammable composition that could be ignited by friction. They preceded lucifers. In recent years something of the same kind has been revived under the name of "book-matches."

13. PURGE HIMSELF OF HIS CONTEMPT. A legal expression meaning to atone for or wipe out an offence by expiation and submission to the Court. Any act of disobedience to the Court's Order is a contempt; hence inability to pay costs or a fine or debts made one, under the old system, liable to imprisonment for "contempt."

14. SIX CLERKS' OFFICE. The office attached to the Lord Chancellor's Court had six clerks, and each of them came to be known as a Six-Clerk. The appointment was much sought after as the hours were not long and the salary was good. The office was abolished in 1843.

## CHAPTER II

1. RIP VAN WINKLES. Rip van Winkle was the hero of Washington Irving's story. Van Winkle went to sleep in the Catskill mountains for twenty years.

2. SLEEPING BEAUTIES. From Ch. Perrault's (1628-1743) well-known fairy tale. Perrault also wrote "Little Red Riding Hood," "Bluebeard," "Puss-in-Boots," "The Fairy," "Cinderella," "Piquet," and "Tom Thumb." Both this and the preceding simile are used to satirise the lethargic proceedings of the Law in Dickens's day.

3. JEWELLERS' COTTON. What we know as cotton-wool.

4. WATERS ARE OUT. In low-lying country rivers occasionally overflow their banks, hence many floods, even if due to heavy rain, are spoken of as "the waters are out."

5. MERCURY IN POWDER. Footman. Within living memory the footmen dressed their hair with powder, giving them the appearance of having grey hair. The custom had descended from the time of powdered wigs; it survives in a few special cases, such as the Royal coachmen.

6. MAUSOLEUMS. Many of the landed gentry had their own private family tombs erected in their own grounds; a few can still be seen in various parts of the country.

7. LEMUEL GULLIVER. The hero of "Gulliver's Travels" by Dean Jonathan Swift (1669-1745).

8. HANDSCREEN. It used to be quite common to see adjacent to the fireplace a handscreen made like an extended fan (sometimes quite circular) attached to an ornamental handle, for the protection of the complexion from the heat of the fire or sun, very necessary if a lady's face were heavily "made-up" with grease or wax. During the closing years of the nineteenth century many of these (portable) screens made of split bamboo covered with rice paper were imported from Japan.

9. WAT TYLER. Leader of the Peasants' Revolt of 1381.

10. POSSESS MY CLIENTS. A use of the word possess, meaning to acquaint or put in possession of. It is so used by Shakespeare in "Antony and Cleopatra," Act III, Scene 1: "I will possess you of that ship and treasure." Dickens uses it in this sense in *Edwin Drood*, Chapter IX: "I have before possessed you with the contents of your father's will." Now only used reflectively, as "I will possess myself of it."

11. LAW HAND. A special kind of round hand formerly used for engrossing Indentures, Assignments, or other legal documents on parchment.

## Chapter III

1. SMELLING BOTTLE. A little pocket phial filled with either (*a*) small pieces of sponge soaked in aromatic vinegar and known as a vinaigrette, or (*b*) pieces of ammonium carbonate scented with attar of roses or lavender.

2. WHITE HORSE CELLAR. A coaching house that stood at the corner of Down Street, Piccadilly, on the site of Hatchett's Hotel.

3. GAVE ME HIS ARM. A fiction of the polite manners of the middle of the nineteenth century was that ladies were so fragile and helpless that they hardly dared move unless supported on a gentleman's arm. *Bleak House* is full of instances and it may be interesting to recall them. Here, Esther was incapable of accompanying Mr. Kenge along a passage to be presented to Richard and Ada. Ch. VI, Mr. Jarndyce gave one arm to Esther and one to Ada to shew them round the house. Ch. VIII, Ada had her arm through that of Mr. Jarndyce when they met Esther at the door. Same chapter. Mr. Jarndyce drew Esther's hand through his arm to go and look for Ada, Ch. XIII, Ada's hand was drawn through Richard's arm while he was talking to her very seriously. Ch. XXIII, Richard met Esther on the arrival of the coach and they walked away arm-in-arm. Ch. XXIV, Richard gave his arm to Esther to get her out of the Court. Ch. XXIV, Miss Flite gave George her arm to the great entertainment of some idlers about the Court. Ch. XXX, Prince took Caddy's arm to present her to his father. Ch. XLVIII. Mr. Rouncewell left his chair on Rosa's entry into the presence of Sir Leicester and Lady Dedlock and took her arm in his. Ch. LVII, Bucket gave Esther his arm to take her across the pavement to the coach. Ch. LVIII, George gave Volumnia his arm to escort her from Sir Leicester's room to her own. Ch. LIX, Esther took Bucket's arm to be taken from the coach down Chancery Lane. Ch. LXIV, Mr. Jarndyce and Esther went arm in arm to see the new Bleak House. Ch. LXVI, "a goodly sight it is to see the grand old housekeeper going to church on the arm of her son."

4. BAG-WIG. A wig with a silk bag attached at the back and usually bearing an ornamental silk bow.

5. SIXTH SEAL. In Revelations there are seven seals. Of the sixth seal, Ch. VI says: "For the great day of his wrath is come and who shall be able to stand?" and Ch. XVI: "I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet." The Great Seal mentioned by Miss Flite is, of course, the Seal of the Kingdom bearing a representation of the reigning monarch, and in charge of the Lord Chancellor for sealing Parliament writs, treaties and import State papers.

6. THAVIE'S INN. Thavie's Inn, Holborn Circus, was one of the nine Inns of Chancery. They were: Clifford's Inn, Clement's Inn and Lyon's Inn attached to the Inner Temple; New Inn and Strand Inn to the Middle Temple; Furnival's Inn and Thavie's Inn to Lincoln's Inn; Staple Inn and Barnard's Inn to Gray's Inn. The Inns of Chancery differed from the Inns of Court, as only the latter possess the right of admitting persons to practice as barristers, whereas the former were establishments where students prepared to present themselves to the Inns of Court. The Inns of Chancery have now ceased to exist as such and their sites, where they still remain, are occupied by chambers, offices, etc. Thavie's Inn was founded in the fourteenth century by John Thavie; it was destroyed by enemy action during the Battle of Britain, 1940.

7. PATTENS. Overshoes with wooden soles on iron rings to raise the wearer's shoes out of wet or mud.

8. FEATHER OF PEN. Pens were made from birds' feathers or quills.

9. FLOATING WICK. A tiny lamp, consisting of a shallow dish, containing colza oil in which floats a small disk of wood pierced, through which sticks a cotton wick. It was used for lighting obscure corners of staircases, landings, or passages.

10. STAIR WIRES. What we now call stair-rods; Dickens uses this term in other books.

## Chapter V

1. PEWTER POTS AND MILK CANS. Customers of public houses who took their beer home at night were accustomed to hang the pots (not usually pewter, but tin) on the area railings for collection by the pot-boy (hence his

title) in the morning. Milk cans are nearly unknown nowadays; the milk was left by the milkman in a solidly-made metal can, who collected the empty vessel on his next round.

2. SEE WHAT O'CLOCK. A euphemism for going to a public house for refreshment. The phrase arose when Pitt put a tax on clocks in 1797. Inns installed special clocks with black dials and white numerals so that folk who could not afford clocks of their own could offer as an excuse for a visit to an inn a desire to ascertain the correct time.

3. BAGS BLUE AND RED. Every barrister has a cloth bag to hold documents. A junior has a blue bag and when he becomes a K.C. his bag is a red one. Some juniors possess a red bag that has been given to them by a K.C.

4. COUNSELLORS' BANDS. An appendage to the collar, worn by clergy, lawyers, students in colleges and others. It consists of a broad strip of white muslin starched and fastened to a tape tied round the neck. Now practically discontinued by the clergy but still recognised as a part of legal attire.

5. FIRE WITHIN. This is the first hint given of Krook's predestined fate, shewing that Dickens foresaw the form of death in store for the rag-and-bone merchant.

6. WOLF FROM THE DOOR. The wolf is among all northern races the symbol of hunger and ravenousness. Hence to keep the wolf from the door is to stave off starvation.

7. NEWGATE MARKET. This stood on the site of Paternoster Square. It was demolished in 1869. It would not be difficult for Peepy to find his way here from Thavie's Inn as the distance is only about a quarter of a mile.

## CHAPTER VI

1. BATTLEFIELD. The site of the Battle of Barnet, 1471, in which Warwick the King Maker was killed. An obelisk commemorates the event.

2. THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOK. A line engraving by William Byrne from the picture by John Webber (1784).

3. THE WHOLE PROCESS OF PREPARING TEA. Such prints—a well-known type—were made in China in the early nineteenth century for the European market. They were the work of Chinese artists and were printed on rice-paper.

4. OVAL ENGRAVINGS OF THE MONTHS. A series of stipple-engravings by Francis Bartolozzi (1728-1813) from designs by William Hamilton, R.A., somewhat in the style of Wheatley's well-known "Cries of London."

5. FOUR ANGELS, OF QUEEN ANNE'S REIGN. This was possibly a stipple-engraving by Bartolozzi of the picture, "The Resurrection of a Pious Family," by the Rev. M. W. Peters, R.A. (1742-1814).

6. COMPOSITION IN NEEDLEWORK. A sampler.

7. HALF-PAST SIX. People arose in the morning at an earlier hour than is nowadays the custom. It was November and would be quite dark. See Ch. VIII: "I dressed before daylight . . . I had no trouble with my two bunches of keys."

8. AGE OR CHANGE SHOULD NEVER WITHER IT. Skimpole's irresponsible adaptation, to his ideal world, of Enobarbus's tribute to Cleopatra:

> "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
> Her infinite variety."
>
> Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Scene 2.

9. BIRDS WERE SINGING. This, of course, is hyperbole, shewing Skimpole's gay spirits; what birds would be singing in November?

10. "BEST OF ALL WAYS." This is a quotation from "The Young May Moon," by Thomas Moore.

11. TOOK HIS CANDLE. There were no lamps in bedrooms. Candles were placed ready for each person to take one to his room on retiring.

12. ST. MICHAEL'S ORANGES. A sub-variety of the China orange specially grown at Sao Miguel in the Azores.

13. COD'S HEAD AND SHOULDERS. A Cockney epithet meaning utter inanity, from the vacuous idiocy of expression of a cod on a fishmonger's slab.

## CHAPTER VII

1. IN MY LADY'S CHAMBER. The Lady's Chamber in the mediæval house was sacrosanct against invasion, and thus signified figuratively the most

remote and inaccessible places. No obscurest corner of the home was safe from the intrusion of the tame bird in the nursery rhyme :

" Goosey, Goosey, Gander,
Whither do you wander ? "
" Upstairs, downstairs,
And in my Lady's Chamber."

Juvenile ears are apparently not attuned to appreciate the nuances of exact rhyme.

2. STOMACHER. A term, now seldom used, for the front part of female costume. In the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries it often overlapped the skirt and was elaborately adorned with gems and embroidery.

3. PRETTY FASHION OF PIG-TAILS. " Pretty " is, of course, sardonically used. A pig-tail is a plait of hair, genuine or false, worn down the back formerly by soldiers and sailors and by modern small girls. It was also sometimes attached to a special kind of wig. The statue of King George III in Cockspur Street used to be known as " Pig-tail and Pump-handle " in allusion to the appendage to his wig and the magnificent flowing tail of his horse.

4. STILL ROOM. The apartment of the household where home-made wines, sauces and essences were distilled ; now mostly concerned with the distilling or infusion of tea and coffee.

5. SEND MRS. ROUNCEWELL HERE. This amiable weakness on the part of Sir Leicester Dedlock is probably adapted from the well-known story of the sixth Duke of Devonshire (Dickens's duke) who had so much confidence in the judgement of his head gardener, Joseph Paxton (1801-1865)—afterwards Sir Joseph Paxton, the designer of the Great Exhibition of 1851—that when he was ill he remarked, after his physician had departed, that he would like to have Paxton's opinion.

6. SECOND SON. Meaning other son. Actually Mrs. Rouncewell was referring to her first and elder son, whose Christian name is never given in the book and who is usually called " the ironmaster."

7. BIRDS DRAW THEIR OWN WATER. Bird-fanciers and dealers used to train some cage-birds, generally redpoles and goldfinches, to earn their drink by hauling up a tiny bucket by a string from a small glass well just out of their reach and then holding the string on the perch by stepping on it while slaking their thirst. Dickens had, at Gad's Hill, a goldfinch that knew this trick.

8. POWER-LOOMS. Power looms worked by machinery instead of by the foot were invented by the Rev. E. Cartwright (1743-1828) in 1785, but did not come into general use till early in the nineteenth century. Its introduction led to much unrest among the weavers.

9. WATT. This unusual Christian name is, of course, very appropriately taken from James Watt, the great engineer (1736-1819).

10. DREADNOUGHT. A coat of very heavy weather-resisting cloth. Dickens himself wore one on occasion.

11. US LONDONERS DO IT. An exhibition of bad grammar that can be placed alongside Mr. Guppy's economy with the aspirate in ed, art, ole, ouse, appiness, and that shocking solecism, heighth, for height. That illiterate creature is articled to a solicitor, and in Ch. XXIV has passed the necessary examination and set up a practice for himself, achieving equality of position with the magniloquent Mr. Kenge, " whose periods were majestic," and with Mr. Tulkinghorn, who frequented (even if he were not always welcome) the society of the aristocracy. A parallel case is that of Uriah Heep, the umble, whose crawling servility and lack of polish when contrasted with Mr. Wickfield made such an incongruous partnership. How was it that Mr. Jarndyce allowed Richard, fairly well educated, to enter the same office (although he did not occupy the same room) as Guppy ?

12. GET AN OUT. Another Guppyism, he meant take an outing or holiday.

## CHAPTER VIII

1. BRIMSTONE. That is, sulphur. An example of the custom of our forefathers for giving homely names to chemicals whose names might be difficult to remember. Other instances are : Oil of vitriol for hydrated sulphuric acid ; caustic soda for sodium hydrate ; spirits of salts for hydrochloric acid ; spirits of wine for alcohol ; green copperas for sulphate of iron ; blue copperas for sulphate of copper ; lunar caustic for nitrate of silver.

2. WITCHES' SABBATH. Annual midnight orgy or festival of demons, sorcerers and witches, presided over by the Devil.

3. A APPLE PIE. The complete alphabet is worth recalling for the sake of those readers who, having grown up, may have forgotten it : A apple pie, B bit it, C cut it, D dealt it, E ate it, F fought for it, G got it, H had it, J jumped for it, K knelt for it, L longed for it, M mourned for it, N nodded for it, O opened it, P peeped in it, Q quartered it, R ran for it, S sang for it, T took it, U V W X Y Z all had a large slice and went off to bed.

4. LITTLE OLD WOMAN, ETC. All the epithets bestowed upon Esther are connected in nursery lore with housewifery, economies, and general ability in household duties. Little Old Woman was a nursery heroine noted for her housewifely qualities ; Cobweb (one of the fairies in Midsummer Night's Dream) is associated with children's bed-time ; Mother Shipton (born 1488) was credited with the gift of prophecy ; Mother Hubbard was the economical but indulgent mistress ; Dame Durden kept five serving girls to carry the milking pails and five men to use the spade and flail ; and Dame Trot (Ch. L) was a little old woman who was always " on the go " with family cares.

5. BONED. Cockney slang for took, stole.

6. POLL-PRY. A play on the title of the comedy Paul Pry, by John Poole (1825). Paul Pry was an inquisitive meddlesome fellow for ever poking his nose into other people's affairs. His catch-word is : " I hope I don't intrude."

*(To be continued)*

## WHEN THE LAW IS A ASS

How much longer are we to suffer the statement that Dickens put into the mouth of Bumble the observation that " the law is a ass " ?

The latest offender is Mr. Guy Ramsey in the " Daily Mail," 4th November, where he says : " Charles Dickens through the mouth of Mr. Bumble declared that ' the law is a ass.' "

Nothing of the sort ! In answer to Mr. Brownlow's statement that " the law supposes that your wife acts under your direction," in Chap. 51, Mr. Bumble replied : " If the law supposes that, the law is a ass—a idiot. If that's the eye of the law, the law is a bachelor ; and the worst I wish the law is, that his eye may be opened by experience—by experience."

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## MONTREAL

THE Montreal Branch has conferred an honorary life membership on their former President, Venerable Archdeacon A. P. Gower-Rees, in recognition of his services to the Fellowship.

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## WHERE FOUND ?

1. R. W.
2. Pedro.
3. Old Clem.
4. Nockemorf.
5. Iron Bridge.
6. Mantua maker.
7. Prentice Knights.
8. Game Chicken.
9. Sweet William.
10. Opera Colonnade.
11. Aggerawator.
12. Cowcumbers.
13. Circumlocution.
14. Rob the Grinder.
15. Bow Street Runners.
16. Inexhaustible Baby.
17. Ankworks package.
18. Jolly.
19. Slasher.
20. Vuffin.
21. The Native.
22. Dullborough.
23. Old Hell Shaft.
24. Heart's Delight.
25. Living Skeleton.
26. Modern Gracchi.
27. Jolly Sandboys.
28. Podsnappery.
29. Collins's Ode.
30. Snuff and Glum.
31. Gruff and Grim.
32. The Smalder Girls.
33. Analytical Chemist.
34. Traveller's Twopenny.
35. Peepy.
36. Deputy.
37. Pubsey & Co.
38. Paragon.
39. Deportment.
40. Harmony Jail.
41. Pocket Breeches.
42. Shiny Villiam.
43. Brighton Tipper.
44. Governors Both.
45. The Memorial.
46. Boofer Lady.
47. Profile Machine.
48. Port Middlebay.
49. Spigwiffin's Wharf.
50. Archbishop of Greenwich.

*(Answers will be found on page 38.)*

# SMALL FRY FOLK

## TRIBUTES TO SOME OF THE LESS FAMOUS

By GRANVILLE GARLEY

### LIEUTENANT SLAUGHTER

Those designing imposters, Captain Walter and Mrs. Belinda Waters, were clever, and there is no doubt they tricked the Tuggses at Ramsgate beautifully. But was the scheme of their own planning? To my mind it wasn't—that is where their colleague, Lieutenant Slaughter, came in. I am convinced the whole business originated in his fertile brain, and the Waters, husband and wife, were merely his able assistants.

At times we are inclined to forget the fact that there *is* a Lieutenant in the story of the duping of Cymon Tuggs; probably Slaughter himself preferred to be overlooked and to keep the marks of his crooked genius well concealed in the background. At all events, the hard preliminary work, the gaining of the victims' confidence was done by Mrs. Captain Waters, with the help of her husband. Only when the stage is set for the grand finale does the master appear.

Then in military disguise—he was not a real officer, I'm sure—complete with "two ironshod boots and one gruff voice," Slaughter springs the trap he has so carefully set. Leaving the more violent acting to the Captain, he chooses to appear as a temperate friend of both parties and proceeds to take charge of the negotiations between the aggrieved husband and Mr. Joseph Tuggs. How successful he was may be judged from the amount of money which changed hands—fifteen hundred pounds.

This achievement of the tricksters of which we are privileged to have knowledge, would actually have been but one of very many; some of the others must have been equally entertaining and profitable to the ingenious gentleman and his associates. I wonder if on their travels they ever encountered another party in the same line of business—Mr. Jingle and Job Trotter? Probably they never did, otherwise the young lady "with long black ringlets, large black eyes, brief petticoats, and unexceptionable ankles" would not have found much difficulty in making a second Mr. Cymon of Mr. Tupman, and the talented "Lieutenant" would have been even harder on Mr. Pickwick than were Messrs. Dodson and Fogg.

### CHRISTIAN KING GEORGE

Quisling is a word that has come into the language only recently. It is a welcome addition. It has a harsh unpleasant sound, apart from any associations lying behind its meaning, and suggests a deeper infamy than the older words, traitor and spy. No character in Dickens would have more richly deserved to be called a Quisling than Christian George King.

This half-negro, half-Indian creature, he was "no more a Christian than he was a King or a George," had ingratiated himself with the small British garrison at Silver-store. The official verdict upon him, as voiced by Government spokesmen of the Commissioner Pordage type, was that he was "Very much attached to us all. Would die for us."

The simple, uneducated Gill Davis was not so easily deceived, however, and the Sambo vagabond seemed at once "individually unpleasant" to him. In spite of the hard work the native apparently did on behalf of the white people, the private in the Royal Marines always questioned his trustworthiness. In fact this problem occupied

his thoughts so much that, as Davis said, " He stuck in my sleep, cornerwise, and I couldn't get him out."

The story of how Christian George King betrayed his trust and proved " a double-dyed traitor and a most infernal villain " is too well known for repetition. Sufficient it is to say that he showed himself more unpleasant than ever in the moment of his triumph, and when Charles Dickens laid down his pen at the end of Chapter I, the position of the English prisoners was indeed perilous.

But Chapter III, and the resumption by our author of his story saw the inevitable punishment of the wrongdoer. The Sambo Pilot had a short-lived success and met his death from the gun of Captain Carton—but not before he had stamped his infamous likeness forever on our memory. " It is a Traitor and a Spy, and I think the other name of the animal is Christian George King ! " Another name we should certainly add to-day would be—Quisling. His sinister figure was so powerfully drawn that it still seems to menace us across the years.

## FANNY DORRIT'S DANCING INSTRUCTOR

Most of us are probably " as ignorant of the ways of theatres as of the ways of gold mines," and we should be grateful for the useful insight into life behind stage afforded by the visit of Little Dorrit to the theatre where her sister and uncle were employed. Furthermore, if Amy had not decided to call so unexpectedly we should not have had the pleasure of meeting Fanny Dorrit's dancing instructor. That would have been a definite loss.

As it is, he only just manages, literally, to look into the story, and we have not time to observe much of his personal appearance other than that he was " a sprightly gentleman, with a quantity of long black hair." Pressure of work keeps him in the background, and apart from an occasional glimpse of his head seen round a beam, only his voice can be heard. But even so he leaves us with a profound impression of an able and dominating figure. His control over the ladies of the chorus is a feat at which to marvel.

His language, bordering on the familiar, is in the idiom still peculiar to the stage. To him all his young ladies are " darlings." The daring modernity of his address must have caused some amazement way back in 1855. But his gaiety and vitality are endearing and we are glad to recognise in him something of both Dick Swiveller and Bob Sawyer. I'm sure he would have improved on further acquaintance and it is a pity we could not have met him elsewhere—say, at a nearby public house or at his lodgings.

Worthy of remembrance too, is his indefatigible assistant, the " monotonous boy in a Scotch cap." Like his principal, this youth, the equivalent of a call boy, suffers from lack of opportunities to display his talents. Being only called upon to put his head round a beam to issue orders to the ladies it is natural he is easily overlooked.

The potentialities of these theatricals were immense. Mr. Vincent Crummles would have been glad to number them among his company, and Nicholas and Smike would not have been welcomed so warmly had they been preceded down the Portsmouth road by this couple. And wouldn't the Infant Phenomenon have gained in prestige, with the monotonous boy as a foil in some tremendous drama ?

# PHIZ'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO *DAVID COPPERFIELD*

By KENTLEY BROMHILL

## I.—The Cover

THIS is in the conventional border design current at the time. A short study of it will shew, especially if it be compared with the cover design of *Dombey and Son*, that Dickens had not taken Browne into his confidence about the progress the story was to take. Whereas in the case of *Dombey* Browne had a general idea of what was coming and was able to knit into his drawing many of the incidents before Dickens had committed anything to writing, in this case it would appear that Browne could only have read a portion of the first chapter or two. In general scheme all we get is a series of thumb-nail sketches of what might happen to any boy from cradle to grave: we have David as a baby in his mother's lap, then as a tiny tot trying to walk from his mother to Peggotty, then a vague hint of school-days; and thereafter Browne has used his own imagination without any reference to the actual happenings that were to be described. But there is not the slightest indication that the reader would make the acquaintance of Murdstone, Creakle, Strong, Mr. Peggotty, Steerforth, Dora, Agnes, Miss Trotwood, Uriah, and not even Micawber. There is no boat, no storm, no river, not even a donkey on Dover cliffs, nor a single incident that can be recognised in the course of the story. But, curiously enough, it is possible to find reminiscences of some of Dickens's previous books. I think I can see Mr. Pecksniff upside down with his compasses and ink-pot; there is what looks like the daily scuffle for dinner in the United States; perhaps a back view of Mrs. Gamp can be seen; also the figure of a despairing Young Martin at Eden; Jiniral Fladdock falling over his sword; Mr. Bumble with his mace fallen from his high estate; and it is possible that the hobby-horses' tournament (one of them upside down) at the top of the design, are meant to recall the fair at the racing town where Little Nell stopped; I wonder whether the decrepit figure on the right-hand side is a recollection of Nell's grandfather and if the grave at the foot is Little Nell's. It is only right to add that the whole design is well balanced and is full of the real Phiz.

## II.—The Plates*

1. Frontispiece. The Rookery.—A fancy picture of a small country house with a neglected front garden, including a broken flower pot; not such a one as would be associated with so tidy a servant as Peggotty. In the background is the adjacent churchyard which is in accordance with the text. There is no sign of the sweet-brier hedge up and down the outside of which Mr. Murdstone walked while Mrs. Copperfield walked up and down inside.

2. Vignette on Title-page.—Peggotty's home with Little Em'ly in the foreground. The "ship-looking thing" is close to the water's edge and well raised above its level; the text of Chapter III calls the beach "a dull waste" and "a mound or so might have improved it." One cannot see how the inside of the dwelling was lit as there is no sign of a window and only a low door that one would have to stoop to enter. As a fancy scene the picture is effective, but it is not Yarmouth.

3. Our Pew at Church.—A well-drawn interior with the customary three-decker pulpit upholstered with the usual stuffy cushions. The

* The illustrations marked with an asterisk (*) are the eight specially selected by Dickens for inclusion in the Charles Dickens edition of 1867.

picture is full of the additional details with which Browne was accustomed to enrich his illustrations. For instance, the sleeping beadle's staff has for a finial a dove ; the mural tablet to " Mr. Bodgers, late of this parish," is below a monument reminiscent of the John Stow memorial at St. Olave's, Hart Street, London. In the foreground are the large square family pews of the gentry, while the villagers and peasantry are huddled together in the nave. The gallery accommodates the village choir and band, most of whom are asleep during the sermon. A whimsical detail for which Phiz is entirely responsible is that the hatchment suspended overhead (probably of a neighbouring titled family) wears a distinct smiling face. Is the figure in the bottom left-hand corner intended for Mr. Murdstone gazing intently at Mrs. Copperfield ? If so, his appearance is decidedly premature.

4. I AM HOSPITABLY RECEIVED BY MR. PEGGOTTY.—The successes in this drawing are the three females. Peggotty as rosy and attractive as Polly Toodles had been in *Dombey and Son*, Mrs Gummidge with just the expression, not over-emphasised, of a lone, lorn creatur', and Little Em'ly shyly peeping round Mrs. Gummidge's skirt. Ham does not seem quite a realisation of " a huge strong fellow six feet high and broad in proportion . . . " with " a sheepish look." He seems a half-witted hobbledehoy. And if he is six feet high, how tall is Mr. Peggotty ? And why does Mr. Peggotty, who wants a kettleful of hot water to wash himself, first pour it, left-handed, into a shallow saucepan ? The boat is depicted as keel upwards, which I think is wrong, but this has been dealt with in the notes in *The Dickensian*, 1943, page 80.

5. THE FRIENDLY WAITER AND I.—This etching is an outstanding success and shews Browne at his happiest and best. The apartment is a typical first-floor room of an old-fashioned country inn and the waiter is a real portrait of a class, now, alas, passed away. Phiz has expended a lot of thought on the accessories. The main table is well furnished with all the accompaniments of a good meal, for, in addition to the steaming chops and the well-filled dish of potatoes there is a cruet stand, a sauce bottle, a carafe of water with an inverted tumbler over the neck, and a pewter beer-jug with lid. On the sideboard are a large loaf and one of those huge cheeses for which inns used to be famous. Now inspect the background. Phiz has given full rein to his imagination, reproducing faithfully just the sort of wall decorations that are usually to be found at such houses of entertainment. A map of the world on Mercator's projection ; a County map (Yorkshire, although Yarmouth is in Norfolk) ; a notice of an auction ; a playbill of the local theatre (and note its contents : " Two Gentlemen of Verona " and " The Devil to Pay "—most apt) ; a wine list ; an aerated water advertisement. On the mantel-piece are a Directory and a Court Guide (for the gentry) ; above the pier-glass a picture of the Fox and the Stork—again very apt ; there are also a sporting print of a racehorse and one of Sancho Panza, while surmounting all are the " mortal remains of a fish confined in a glass coffin " (*vide* Pickwick).

6. MY MUSICAL BREAKFAST.—This is an illustration that might have been drawn by anyone else than Browne. It seems to lack inspiration. Mrs. Mell is too old, weazened and lugubrious and generally miserable ; the text says she " looks on delighted." As for Mrs. Fibbitson, we know " she's poorly," but she need not be toothless with " nutcracker " nose and chin, nor need she look like one of the witches in Macbeth casting a spell. Mr. Mell is too old for a " gaunt sallow young man " and his hair is of a different tint from that shewn in the next picture ; he also has less refined features and different eyebrows.

7. Steerforth and Mr. Mell.—Browne always manages a crowd well, and this mob of unruly boys is no exception. The open-chested Steerforth is posed in the conventional attitude of defiance assumed by the hero in melodrama, and this is stressed by the contrast with the tiny David; there was only six years between them. Phiz's own contributions to the picture are worth study. See the mischievous antics he has invented for many of the lads while others shew fear and apprehension at the sudden and dramatic defiance of authority. The unauthorised use of chalk on the walls and boxes is amusing; "See, Sir, a Romun" is good. The entry of the awful Creakle and the still more awful Tungay has caused the barometer to register "stormy."

8. Changes at Home.—Mother and baby was always a favourite subject with Browne and so he is able to take full advantage of his predilection in this graciously drawn picture of a graceful woman. Fortunately for him Mrs. Copperfield was young, "a pretty little widow" and "bewitching." Nevertheless the adherence to the text of the chapter is exact. With such a subject Phiz had no trouble in finding suitable prints for the wall. One is the "Finding of Moses," and the other is "The Prodigal Son."

*9. Mrs. Gummidge casts a damp on our departure.—This illustration is well composed and effective as a pictorial reproduction of the text. Ham has become more animated; the boat has no visible door; in the stern is the little window of Davy's bedroom.

10. My magnificent order at the Public House.—An excellent illustration of the snug and cosy interior of the better class of public house a hundred years ago. (They were not all blatant drinking dens, although many were hives of vice.) Phiz has been lavish with the fittings and a happy touch is the Infant Bacchus astride a small barrel in the window.

*11. I make myself known to my Aunt.—With all Dickens lovers this is a favourite picture and quite justifiably. The condition of David, minus the waistcoat he had sold to Mr. Dolloby, the jacket he had sold to "Goroo" Charley, and the silk neckerchief that was stolen by the tinker, makes a woebegone figure with the battered and shabby hat of which he had been so proud in the public house. The donkeys and boys in the middle distance are only indicated but they are perfect. An interesting point about this picture is that Phiz deliberately departed from the actual text which reads: "'Oh Lord,' said my aunt, and sat flat down in the garden path." Browne tried to illustrate this but found that a respectable spinster lady of mature years sitting on a gravel walk was not good pictorially, being undignified and ineffective, so he prepared this alternative design of her standing upright and startled.

12. The Momentous Interview.—Phiz seems in this picture to have reverted to his earlier manner of slight caricature. Although the grouping is skilful, not one of the figures carries conviction because of the slight exaggeration indulged in. Murdstone's head is too touzled for "beautiful black hair and whiskers," and Mr. Dick looks a little too mad even for him, besides which he is too big for the picture; Miss Trotwood is a little too statuesque, and by contrast Miss Murdstone is not forbidding enough. The background is, as usual, good. Miss Trotwood's large green fan or screen is there, and a glimpse is afforded through the window of Dover pier and lighthouse. The print on the wall shews Joseph's coat of many colours being shewn to his father.

13. I Return to the Doctor's after the Party.—Here again there is an element of caricature in the drawing of the Doctor's head. "His hair was not particularly well combed," but it was not necessarily unkempt and neglected, although it must be admitted that David was reminded of a "long forgotten blind old horse." He also appears

more than his age of 62 years. Has Phiz wilfully made him a geologist with a geological map, a Babylonian brick and a collection of fossils, because he had a hobby of "looking out for Greek *roots* ?"

*14. Somebody Turns up.—"Browne has done a capital Micawber" wrote Dickens to Forster when he saw the sketch for this picture. And when one has admired the figure of the immortal optimist, all there is left to do is to note the angularity and lack of comfort in the 'umble 'ome ; the chairs are all upright and tall with horsehair seats, and one does not wonder that David sits right on the edge of his. The expression of the two corkscrews, Uriah and his mother, each with the necessary twist, is almost sublime in its penetration. Even the door-knocker is Mephistophelian. Having appreciated the allegory of Browne's draughtsmanship examine the surrounding accessories. Two cats and a mousetrap on the mantel-piece, a corkscrew above on one side of a Law Almanac, while an owl (stuffed) occupies the other side. Tidd's Practice is too large to range with the other books in the shelf and has to lie on its side ; in the corner is the portrait of a judge. Mrs. Heep is left-handed ; perhaps purposely so.

15. My First Fall in Life. This is a good example of the coaching pictures fashionable a hundred years ago. Browne has caught exactly the varying expressions of David, William, and the "shabby man with a squint," and has taken the trouble to shew the last-named passenger's leg with "close fitting drab trousers buttoned all the way up outside his legs from his boots to his hips." The way in which David was done out of his box-seat and the exchange effected with the shabby man is symbolised in the notice board : Trespass.

16. We arrive unexpectedly at Mr. Peggotty's Fireside.—This is not one of Phiz's best efforts in spite of some care with the facial expressions. The boat has increased considerably in size since we saw it in Plate 4. In that plate Mr. Peggotty's head was half hidden by the overhead beam. Here he has plenty of room. All the men are unusually tall. Ham we know was six feet tall, and Mr. Peggotty in Plate 4 stood a good six inches taller and now here is Steerforth taller still with David as tall as Ham.

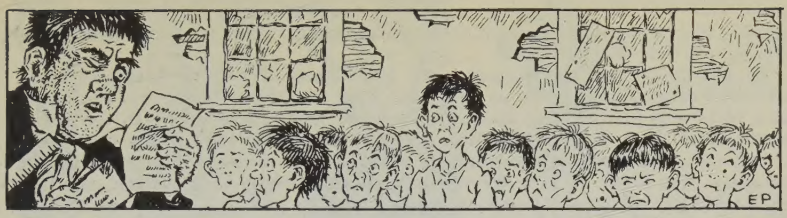
17. I make the Acquaintance of Miss Mowcher.—This makes up for the weakness of the last picture. Here is a comfortable private room at an inn. Was Bulwer-Lytton in Browne's mind when he drew Steerforth's head ? It is certainly much more handsome than in the previous plate. Hanging on the wall are two compliments to the company ; a scene from Shakespeare in the elegant Italian fashion and the scene from Gulliver's expedition to Brobdingnag.

*18. Martha.—In many ways this illustration is a decided success although the grouping of the figures is somewhat like the arrangements of a troupe of actors. This is just the sort of comfortable room that one would expect in the house of so comfortable a person as Peggotty, who is much the best of the characterisations. The forlorn posture of Martha herself is repeated in the picture over the mantel-piece of that other "woman who was a sinner" who washed Jesus' feet "with her tears and wiped them with the hair of her head" (Luke vii, 37 and 44).

19. Uriah persists in hovering near us, at the Dinner Party.—The old touch of caricature has crept into this illustration, and one has only to compare it with the other dinner party in Chapter XXXVI of *Dombey and Son* to note the inferiority of this. Almost without exception the faces are exaggerated, from Hamlet's Aunt in one corner to Uriah in the other. And Uriah, instead of hovering, is eavesdropping behind a curtain. Traddles was surely not the nincompoop he is made to appear, while David is actually simpering. Agnes seems to be the only person Phiz cares about.

(*To be continued*)

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



*Drawn by*] [*Ed. F. Payne*

## A CROAT'S TRIBUTE

Sometime during the last war, about the year 1916, it fell to the writer and a friend to receive in Lincoln's Inn the Croat patriot, Frans Supilo, who was then an exile in London: he died in London not very long afterwards. Supilo was a man of large bulk, and of peasant origin, and his command of the English language was not great: he was, presumably, about sixty years of age. On entering the room he greeted his hosts with a broad smile of pleasure, and with a sudden gesticulation cried out: "It is Blick House here! Meester Guppee lived here! Mees Flite lived here!" He was, in fact, overjoyed at having come to the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn and Chancery Lane, and on being told that he was indeed in the right quarter of London for *Bleak House* he explained that he had read *Bleak House* in Italian at school and had never forgotten it.

C. W. Brodribb.

Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.

## GREENWICH TAVERNS

Kindly permit me to correct an error in my recent article where, on p. 194, reference is made to the "Yacht Tavern," as having been known locally as "Fubb's Yacht." Recent advices shew that there used to be a public house, so called, which stood on the river bank to the west of Ship No. 3, and thus had no connection with the Yacht Tavern situate in Crane Street quite close to the Trafalgar.

It seems that this public house took its name from a vessel, known popularly as "Fubb's Yacht," which used to lie off Greenwich in the seventeenth and eithteenth centuries. She was built by Charles II in 1682, rebuilt by George I in 1724, and broken up in 1770. She was, apparently, a kind of royal yacht, and, no doubt, was employed by the Georges when making their frequent trips to Hanover.

Referring to the Crown and Sceptre, I find that, owing to enforced condensation, its actual site was not specified. It was on the river bank immediately west of Trinity Hospital Wharf, as may be seen from an illustration in Vol. 6 of "Old and New London," which shows, also, the East end of the timber built Crown and Sceptre of that day.

G. W. Younger.

## RAILWAY SIGNALS

The one point that would have really made the matter of the signals that regulated the safety of Bella quite clear to readers of to-day was not brought out in the last issue of the magazine. The point everyone forgets, or does not know, is that in 1863 the "allright," or green light, position of the signals was the *normal* one. Nowadays—indeed ever since about 1890 generally in this country—the normal position of hand-worked signals is *danger*, the signals not being cleared—provided the line is clear ahead—until it is known that a train is coming. Thus the idea has grown into people's minds that the green light shows that their train is about to appear. When they read *Our Mutual Friend* they think in terms of that and say "Dickens got it all wrong; the signals don't change from green to red to show that a train is coming." They do not. But in his day the green light was seen all day long, even if there were no trains at all, as in Scotland on Sundays!!! On automatically

signalled lines, such as the tubes, at stations where the signals are purely automatic and there is never any signalman, the normal indication is the green one, the red only being seen for a time after a train has passed and until it is within the protection of the next signal. This is a reversion of the Dickensian era, in this detail.

In Dickens's day the signals were often worked by the platform staff, who had other things to do as well, and they would put the signal to danger as a train was just coming along, preparatory perhaps to seeing to the ticket barrier and so on ; anyone coming to the station and seeing this would say to himself, as Bella and John did, of course, " Our train is in or running in ; we must run for it." If a driver, on coming in sight of a station, saw the signal *already* at danger he would know that the previous train was a short way ahead still ; but if he sighted it at clear and saw it *put to danger* as he ran up he would know that it was being put to danger to protect him after he had gone.

T. S. Lascelles.

## A NOTE FROM NOTTINGHAM

Our Winter Session activities are happily well under weigh once more. The Syllabus follows on similar lines as hitherto, the main item being a series of readings, this year from *A Tale of Two Cities*. To fit in with the black-out, all our meetings are held on Saturday afternoons at our most comfortable headquarters, the Mikado Café ; Tea and Talk always make a delightful break midway in the programme.

This session an innovation has been introduced. We devote the last hour to questions and answers on the previous readings, after the style of a Brains Trust, and this has proved exceedingly interesting.

During the season we hope to enjoy other amenities, possibly a Social and Whist Drive, Lantern Lecture by the President, and the Annual Birthday Party, so really our gatherings have become quite a desideratum in these abnormal times ; a true Dickensian and Fellowship atmosphere prevails.

Our Branch continues to supply its members with a copy of *The Dickensian* as part of the subscription. Our members have cheerfully agreed to pay the increased cost during the war period.

Towards the end of last session we commenced a fund amongst the members to support the Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund. The sum of £20 has been handed over for last session, and we hope to beat it this year. Every little helps this worthy cause.

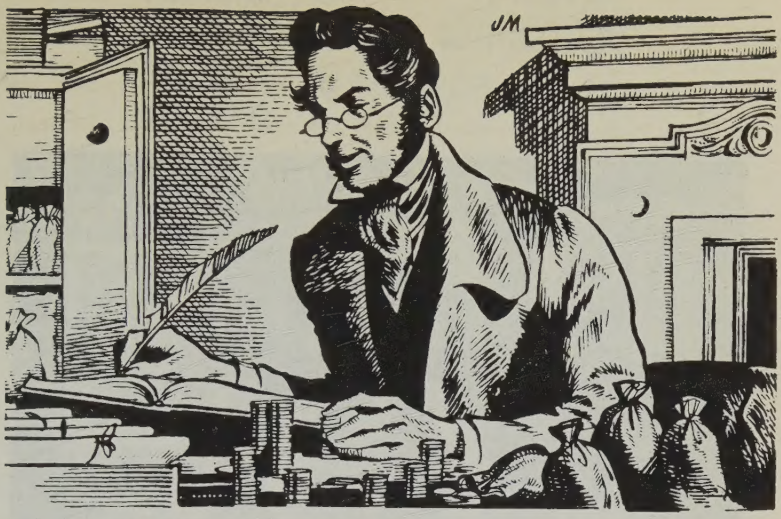
J. C.

## BATH CARRIES ON

The meetings of the Bath Branch have been well attended during the past year in spite of the black-out ; we have maintained our vitality and usefulness, and, we believe, added much to the literary amenities of the city. Early in the year we were much saddened by the death of our President, Mrs. Florence Vassell, whose literary and dramatic abilities had for many years been most valuable assets. Until Mr. F. J. Giddings was elected President at the Annual Meeting, the Immediate Past President, Mr. F. C. Wallace, acted in that capacity. Mr. Giddings is an old pillar of the Branch, and served a previous term as President in 1936.

During the summer a most enjoyable ramble was arranged by Mr. F. Mills, our Treasurer. It was to Prior Park, once the home of Ralph Allen, the pioneer of the cross-country postal service. The mansion, a majestic edifice in the classic style, was built by Wood the elder, who, with his son, was responsible for planning the eighteenth century Bath. Our guide was Alderman T. Sturge Cotterell, our Life President, who gave us an enthralling account of the life of Ralph Allen, and a description of the mansion, now a Roman Catholic College, and the circumstances under which it was built. The new session opened on August 30th, when the members were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Giddings. Many new members have been enrolled and everything points to a happy and successful session

F. C. D.




# *THE LONDON BANKER*

The squeaking of a quill pen . . . spluttering radiance of the newly-invented gas-light . . . the soft, heavy clink of gold coinage . . . from outside, the clatter of hooves on a cobbled street . . . *an office of the London and Westminster Bank in the 1830's.*

THE TEMPO of business was slower, in an age which knew neither telephones nor typewriters—when the invitation to enjoy the 'hospitality of the Manager' was the normal conclusion to a successful transaction. These early days in the Bank's history now seem incredibly remote. Yet throughout the intervening years, which brought greater changes than did those of any previous century, the policy of the Westminster Bank has marched with the times; it aims to provide a complete banking service, based on the highest traditions of integrity and fair dealing.

## WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

*Photo by*] [*T. W. Tyrrell*